THE LIVING AGE

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for November, 1931

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

TWICE IN THE last four months events have moved too fast for us. The Hoover Moratorium was declared while our July issue was on the press and the Bank of England suspended gold payments while our October issue was on its way to our readers. This month we must go forth before the situation in Germany has become clarified, before Hoover and Laval have met, and before the British elections. But we believe that our articles discussing the gold standard and the predominance of France in Europe have a significance that will last for many months.

WE LEAD off with an anti-tariff article from the radical *New Statesman and Nation* of London because it deals with an issue that will modify British and world politics for years to come. As soon as England deserts free trade she automatically renounces her position as the foremost financial power in the world, for she virtually declares that her returns from foreign investments can no longer pay for the goods whose manufacture these investments have financed. Whether the United States will lower its tariffs and succeed England as banker to the world remains to be seen. Incidentally, the immediate consequence of a British tariff will be harder times for German and American competitors.

HARTLEY WITHERS, former editor of the London *Economist* and author of half a dozen books on economics, explains in words of one syllable what it means to go off the gold standard. We also offer from the journal that he used to edit a reprint that it made of the report of the British Committee of the International Chamber of Commerce. This is of value as a document to which many other items in this issue of the magazine can be referred.

IN THE days when England possessed more gold than any other nation, imperialistic Tories had little inclination to criticize the gold standard, but now that the United States and France have cornered most of the yellow metal, the *National Review*, as the most conservative publication in Great Britain, suggests adopting a different currency. Arthur Kitson is the author of several books on the money problem, the chairman and managing director of the Kitson Engineering Company, and the inventor of the Kitson light now used in all British lighthouses. He attacks the gold standard, having written his article before England actually went off gold, and suggests a radically different form of currency. His suggestions may not be carried out in detail, but his line of thought is the one that England may follow in the near future. Mr. Kitson quotes with respect John Maynard Keynes, who has always disapproved of the stabilization of the pound at its pre-war level. The only objection to his theory is that it does not seem to recognize the fact that money only reflects the exchange of goods and services but does not cause them to be exchanged.

THE Hoover-Laval conversations have turned American attention toward France at a time when that country is being subjected to a campaign of denunciation in the British press. But in 'Whither France?' the London *Economist* presents a clear picture of the French dilemma that will go far toward obliterating some less friendly interpretations that have recently appeared. Let us remember that though the French almost wrecked the Hoover Moratorium completely their dismal prophecies about it have come true and that in their heart of hearts—see 'France in Decay' in our last month's issue—they are filled with misgivings.

IT IS natural that the Germans should see France only in its victorious aspect. Dr. Hans E. Priester interprets the depreciation of the pound sterling as a victory of France over England and then urges Franco-German collaboration as the hope of the world. But since the *Berliner Tage-*

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

THE SAME SOURCES of information that led us to report four months ago that Germany faced immediate collapse now lead us to report that the United States is on the verge of national bankruptcy. Four months ago Germany was temporarily saved by the Hoover Moratorium. On the present occasion the Hoover-Laval conversations should bring at least as much relief to America as the Moratorium did to Germany, if, indeed, the banking pool has not already proved effective. Yet foreign observers continue to prophesy disaster, not in spite of the President's efforts but because of them.

For the fact is that Europe is suspicious of everything that has been done so far to break the back of the world depression, and recent events in the United States look, to foreign eyes, suspiciously like what happened in Europe a little earlier. When it became known that American depositors had drawn a billion dollars out of their banks, foreign observers saw a repetition of the same crisis of confidence that occurred in Austria when the Credit-Anstalt failed, that occurred in Germany when all the banks closed their doors, and that occurred in England when the Bank of England suspended gold payments. And they saw in the Hoover banking pool the same last-minute effort to stave off a crash that occurred in Austria when the Bank of England advanced aid to the Credit-Anstalt, that occurred in Germany when the Hoover Moratorium was launched, and that occurred in England when France and America extended credit to support the pound.

If these European critics whose train of thought we briefly summarize had been more successful in dealing with their own problems we should be

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more impressed. But what they fail to recognize both in their own countries and in the United States is that confidence depends on the state of trade and that the banking system only mirrors business conditions. In Europe high tariffs and wasteful armament expenditures make prosperity impossible, and no amount of tinkering with war debts or currency standards affects the fundamental difficulty. Why business in the United States should be just about as bad, comparatively speaking, as business in Europe, our foreign critics do not say. That is something we must figure out for ourselves, and even though we may reject the foreign thesis that the United States has gone bankrupt, we cannot deny that the symptoms of bankruptcy do exist.

ONE OF THE most important results of the formation of the National Government in England is that the Labor Party will have to abandon some of its reformist tendencies and adopt a more revolutionary attitude. As long as interest on foreign investments and bankers' commissions made up for England's adverse trade balance, the British working class received comparatively high pay and generous social benefits. The class struggle was not acute because British capitalists made most of their money exploiting cheap labor abroad and could therefore afford to pay domestic labor decent wages. But the drop in the price of raw materials has ruined many of the countries where British capital is invested and the British worker has therefore ceased to share as he once did in the yield of foreign and colonial investments. Furthermore, the German crisis has wiped out British banking commissions in Europe. At present the old-line Labor leaders like Arthur Henderson, who organized their party on the now obsolete theory that British capitalism could pay for the reforms of Socialism, still remain in charge. The Labor Party continues to advocate public control of basic industries, public utilities, and the banking system as if the nation were sufficiently well endowed with natural wealth and industrial machinery to support itself in affluence. National reorganization of agriculture is demanded and tariffs are repudiated. 'The money can and will be found,' announces the official *Daily Herald*. 'The country is still one of the richest in the world.' The Labor Party leaders who repudiated Ramsay MacDonald do not yet recognize that the wealth they propose to tap will always be able to command from them the kind of compromise that Mr. MacDonald made. Ultimately they must choose between a clean break into revolutionary socialism or a clear recognition that the British worker sinks or swims with the British capitalist.

RECENT EVENTS in England reveal an appalling lack of responsibility in high places. The unfortunate Ramsay MacDonald, having sacrificed himself nobly for a cause that he did not understand, still represents, as we pointed out last month, the dilemma that faces the country, and the way

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he has been hornswoggled by the Tories and has got them back to power symbolizes the swindle that has been put over on the Labor Party, indeed on the whole country. The *Manchester Guardian*, one of the few newspapers that has kept its sense of proportion, analyzes the position of the National Government as follows:—

> It is a pity that it has not been possible to deal with this crisis in our affairs by means of a united effort. The attempt was made and failed. It failed the moment that Mr. Henderson and the Labor Party generally went into opposition. We have not got a 'National' Government now, and if those members of the present Government who refuse to accept the full Conservative tariff policy are replaced by others who do accept it we shall be further off than ever from having a 'National' Government. A 'National' Government is possible only when there is a considerable measure of agreement among all parties as to what should be done. Such a government was possible in the War because, apart from a tiny minority—among whom, incidentally, was Mr. MacDonald,—the country wanted to fight the War. It is not possible now because we are divided as to the best means of dealing with the economic situation. To pretend that we are not divided and that the whole nation has suddenly and miraculously been converted to the Conservative point of view is a dangerous kind of make-believe; dangerous because, though it may lead to an immediate increase in the Conservative poll, it will in the end deceive no one—not even the foreign investor.

The same paper contained an equally forthright denunciation of a protective tariff:—

> Even protectionists agree that one of our greatest handicaps in international trade has been the rising wall of foreign tariffs. And it is, of course, quite incredible that the way to get these tariffs lowered is to add one more to their number. On the contrary, a high tariff in this country would land us in several tariff wars. Here and there we might be able to strike a bargain and perhaps obtain more favorable terms than we should otherwise have been able to get, but the general effect of our going protectionist would be to narrow still further the already restricted field of international trade. These considerations will have no weight with lifelong protectionists. But one wonders on what ground of principle those who have reluctantly been brought to admit the possible virtues of a tariff under conditions as they recently existed would justify them under conditions as they now are.

Last month we prophesied that England was in for a recrudescence of patriotism. The tone of the greatest Liberal newspaper in the country indicates that our prophecy has already come true.

EVEN IF the United States should avoid a financial catastrophe similar to the one that has overtaken England, France can hardly be spared in the long run. The depreciation of the pound sterling will make more unfavorable the already adverse balance of French trade, and the French public, like the American, is withdrawing money from the banks and hoarding it. A few figures reveal the seriousness of the French position. During 1930 the value of French exports to England amounted to $270,000,000 and almost half of them were luxuries. British exports to France totaled $200,000,000 in the same period. Not only will British exports

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increase, but French exports will decline. To be specific, the silk trade of Lyon, the wool trade in the north of France, and the dairy farmers will suffer. According to David H. Loch, Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, British and French production costs were so nearly equal before the pound declined that French spinners of cotton goods will be entirely unable to compete with the English provided the pound does not rise above $4. Tourist trade will also suffer, not only because English visitors will find French prices too high but because other nations whose citizens visit France have been compelled to follow England off the gold standard. It is estimated that one-third of the French tourist receipts, which totaled twelve and a half billion francs last year, came from travelers arriving by way of England. Finally, Mr. Loch points out the danger that all nations except France and the United States will abandon gold:—

> At some not very far distant date France and America may find themselves alone as sole adherents of an otherwise generally abandoned doctrine. The effect of this, so a well-known student of economics fears, will be a wholesale 'dumping' of foreign products by such countries upon France and the United States, and that the latter, in order to balance their exports against imports, will be obliged to send abroad the gold that has accumulated in their possession.

OTHER BRITISH comments on the financial and political and economic aims of France are more severe. The *Week-end Review* says:—

> It is no accident that in touching all these thorny European questions we come up sooner or later against France. The turn of the crisis has immensely strengthened the force of the golden fist. Austria, saved by the Bank of England in the spring, is now almost helpless under French dictation. This country has had to accept French money, gladly lent in no spirit of altruism. The question behind the crisis remains to be answered—how long will the world accept French military and financial dictation? The trend of economics and politics is against the adventurers who are exploiting this policy so nicely at the moment.

So speaks the enlightened British Conservative. Here is the British radical point of view as set forth in the *New Statesman and Nation:*—

> France is like Gibbon's weak emperor, strong through fear. Her system is founded on fear, and calculated to perpetuate itself by fear. The system has won a temporary stranglehold on Europe, like the earlier Bismarckian system. But, if the Germans are ruthless in victory, the French are shortsighted; to them moderation in victory is abhorrent. Immediate 'consolidation' is their motto. France is now in the position of Germany in 1871. Will she use her position to give Europe a *pax Gallicana?* Her minister of finance has already declared in the European Commission that she will pursue a policy of 'material and moral solidarity.' By all accounts we cannot hope for much from Geneva, at any rate for this year, and the probability is that next year's Disarmament Conference will be postponed *sine die*. A disillusioned German people talks of 'accepting the inevitable for an interminable "time-being."' Will the implied 'future' eventuate? That is France's opportunity, and it may be France's funeral. It all depends on whether she dare be moderate, and whether America dare prove herself 'the good European.'

One gathers that America's funeral, too, is not far distant.

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THE OUTCOME of the Hamburg municipal elections that occurred while Laval and Briand were visiting Berlin casts the horoscope of Germany's political future. The National Socialist vote has grown from 14,760 in 1928 to 144,684 in 1930 and to 202,465 in 1931. The Socialist vote fell from 246,685 in 1928 to 240,948 in 1930 and to 214,509 this year. The Communist vote rose from 114,257 in 1928 to 135,279 in 1930 and to 168,618 this year. Hugenberg's Nationalists fell from 94,048 in 1928 to 31,376 in 1930 and rose to 43,269 this year. Most of the Communist gains were Socialist losses, and the National Socialists have attracted some Nationalists to their support. But the bulk of the Nazi gains come from other small middle-class parties and from newly registered middle-class voters. What has happened is that the German white-collar class is becoming revolutionary in a reactionary sense and is rallying to the one opposition group that is capable of breaking the old Government and maintaining a new one. Although the Communists and Socialists, the two proletarian groups, command an absolute majority between them over all other parties and have grown steadily in numbers, they will not work together, at any rate not until they both find themselves opposing a Nationalist government that is drawing its funds from the big industrialists and landowners and its votes from the middle class. The reactionaries are simply bound to get into power in Germany before the winter is over—indeed they may have already entered office by the time this issue of the magazine has reached our readers. Their advent to power will mark the beginning of a clear-cut class struggle in a country trained to thinking in Marxian terms.

NO COUNTRY has followed the Bank of England's vicissitudes more eagerly than Germany. Having passed through one inflation, the Germans know its symptoms and they at once began commenting on the inflation of confidence that follows currency inflation only to lead to greater despair. The parallel does not, however, hold entirely good because England has not poured out paper money but is simply endeavoring to stabilize the pound at a lower figure. The Germans also see a similarity between the British position in September and their own in July, but here again they forget that the British banking system, unlike their own, stood firm. Some Germans believe that the British are skillfully jockeying France and the United States into an isolated position, but for their part they feel that the mark must be kept at par. Whereas the British by lowering the value of the pound have reduced their own foreign obligations, which are reckoned in pounds, Germany could not devaluate the mark, since her obligations are payable in other currencies.

GERMANY'S FEARS of Polish aggression have been concretely expressed in *Germania*, the official organ of Heinrich Brüning's party. With

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30,000,000 inhabitants, Poland has a standing peace-time army of 266,000 men which is divided into ten army corps, six of which are stationed along the German frontier. Whereas Germany has no heavy artillery, no airplanes, and no tanks, Poland has eleven regiments of heavy artillery, six regiments of military planes, and two regiments of tanks that are equipped, respectively, with 450 pieces of heavy artillery, about a thousand airplanes, and more than a hundred tanks. Every year 170,000 young men undergo compulsory military training, so that the nation now has a reserve army of 1,700,000. Poland spends one-third of its budget, a larger proportion than any other country, on maintaining its fighting forces, the corresponding proportion for Germany being 6 per cent. *Germania* asserts that the Polish nation is completely militarized and points out in conclusion that only Russia and France have larger armies than Poland.

DURING the September session of the Assembly of the League of Nations French influence made possible the reëlection of Titulescu of Rumania as President of the Council over Count Albert Apponyi of Hungary, the oldest parliamentarian in the world. The Germans strongly resented this slight, which seemed like an insult to the defeated powers, coming as it did immediately after the injury that had been done them when the World Court, again at French dictation, refused to sanction the Austro-German customs union. British observers, however, believe that the French are riding for a fall and the *New Statesman's* Geneva correspondent writes as follows:—

> The economic position of Europe, while it has vastly increased the power of France, has brought new dangers with it. A success in the field of disarmament is vitally necessary, not only because of the economies it would make possible, but also for the psychological effect it would have on the whole economic position. A failure, on the other hand, might drive men to despair. It is not war that France need fear if she shows herself unreasonable, but social revolution in more than one country, with incalculable consequences to herself and Europe.

The Geneva correspondent of the London *Economist* says:—

> France is clearly more isolated in the Assembly than she has been for many years, and cannot make the claim, to which she attaches so much importance, of the appearance, even, of leadership. Inside the League and outside the League, while she may not be losing power for the moment, she is losing moral prestige, and she does sometimes understand what this means. Unless something happens between now and February, the Disarmament Conference will be an exceedingly difficult and anxious undertaking. It remains to be seen whether it is possible to hold out indefinitely against the demands of the vast majority of the states of the world.

William Martin, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, applauds the growing interest that the United States has taken in the League:—

> We have often explained in these columns that Washington holds the key to European security. That is why we have saluted with particular satisfaction the new developments that occurred during the last Assembly and that affected the

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attitude of the United States toward the League, developments that augur very well indeed for the success of the Disarmament Conference.

TO WHAT EXTENT is the political power of Fascism responsible for the industrial peace that exists in Italy, and to what extent has the organization of a guild system prevented unrest? The answer seems to be that Fascist pressure keeps the system going but that the forms through which it works might be adapted by another régime to serve different ends. In April 1926, after crushing the old Catholic and Labor organizations, Mussolini set up the so-called Syndicalist Law, which created syndicates of employers and employees, established Labor Courts, and forbade strikes and lock-outs. Compulsory contributions from the syndicates, whose membership is now 5,000,000, bring in a quarter of a million lire a year. In April 1927 the Labor Charter was promulgated. The essence of this document is that the Corporate State emanates from syndicates of workers, not from individuals. The National Council of Corporations, made up of the heads of the various national confederations of syndicates and presided over by the Prime Minister, is supposed to 'regulate and perfect production,' but actually its functions are vague. Employers dislike the system because they claim that it is costly, inefficient, and bureaucratic, and that the National Council always favors the workers. But the employees are no happier. They assert that wages have declined from 25 to 40 per cent and that the working class is completely enslaved. Certainly Mussolini has made use of his dictatorial powers, having imposed a 12 per cent wage cut last year on 24 hours' notice. Everything indicates that, though Fascism in its present shape may not last long, it has created a framework of which another revolution can take advantage.

COLONEL FRANCISCO MACIA, President of the Catalonian Republic, was interviewed by a correspondent of the *Saturday Review* of London and announced that 'the triumph of the republican spirit is complete in Spain,' but added that Catalonia may resort to 'radical measures' if the Madrid politicians insist on setting up a centralized government instead of a federation of republics. What he had to say about Spanish interests in Morocco is especially important, since his opinions on this subject coincide with those of other republican leaders in all parts of the country:—

> By holding that no citizen of the Spanish Federal Republic should be obliged to serve the country under arms outside the frontiers, we condemn the imperialistic form of colonization. As a matter of fact, the extreme radicals, and many politicians outside of this party, support a movement that is rapidly gaining ground in Spain for the abdication of Spanish rights in Morocco. This territory has already called for many young lives during its conquest and its occupation; its people, who are devoted to the idea of liberty, accept foreign rule under compulsion, and will certainly not submit to it indefinitely. The day might well come when the occupation

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of this territory would demand further bloodshed and new sacrifices from the colonizing power.

On the other hand, the young Federal Republic of Spain has so many things to do inside its frontiers—to repair the neglect and damage caused by the royal rule and the dictatorship—that it cannot spare its best forces on this constructive work. Of course, if this project becomes reality, it will not be just to open the gates for another imperialistic power. This act, which is destined to provide an example to the rest of the world, will very probably be accomplished by a solemn declaration before the League of Nations, and it will be left to this supreme court of the world to decide under what conditions should be organized the administration and government of the territory liberated from the Spanish rule.

Britain's crisis will damage Spain in that British cloth will be able to compete more successfully against Spanish cloth in foreign markets, British coal will be exported to Spain in greater quantities, and Spanish exports of food and wine will be diminished.

THE TERMINATION of King Alexander's dictatorship in Yugoslavia and the announcement that elections will be held on November 8 under a new electoral law do not mean that absolutism is at an end. On the contrary. The Serb element will continue to dominate the country's domestic affairs and France will continue to dominate its foreign policy. All that has happened is that the dictatorship will function through Parliament instead of through the King. Since the laws restricting freedom of speech and assembly remain in force until the new Parliament meets, no opposition parties will be able to elect their candidates. But the intentions of the National Yugoslav Party, as the dominating Serb group calls itself, are not so unattractive as its methods. During the past two years the dictatorship has improved the physical condition of the country and it now hopes that four years of ostensibly parliamentary rule will realize King Alexander's dream of a united nation in which Serb and Croat, Moslem and Christian, Greek Orthodox and Roman Catholic will be reconciled. Between 1921 and 1926, Yugoslavia followed an independent foreign policy and succeeded in keeping on good relations with both Italy and France. Now, however, the country has not only become a satellite of France but has been ousted by Czechoslovakia as the dominant power in the little Entente. Until the prices of agricultural products, which are Yugoslavia's chief source of income, are stabilized in relation to other prices, the nation cannot hope for prosperity or independence.

ONE OF THE ironies of our time is that as long as Russia was working on a Five-Year Plan that represented no danger to the capitalist world our press was filled with terrifying accounts of the 'Red Trade Menace,' but now that a second Five-Year Plan is about to begin we have lost interest. For not only has the first Five-Year Plan been virtually completed in three years but the plan that is to follow will utilize the industrial plant

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and agricultural organization built up during the past three years and will improve the Russian standard of living at a time when the European and American standards will be declining. Wilm Stein, Moscow correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin, describes returning to Russia after several months abroad and discovering that the country was transformed. Especially in the neighborhood of its capital, new roads have been built, new houses erected, new street-car lines put into operation. In spite of a continued shortage of consumers' goods the people are noticeably happier. 'It is hard to say what has improved, but everyone on the streets, in the shops, and in the private houses says that things are better.' Nikolaus Basseches, Moscow correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, says that the Five-Year Plan has already succeeded to all intents and purposes and that next year the population will begin to live better. He claims that this improvement is being made possible by deflation and by the agricultural revolution, which gives a larger return to the peasants who had brought some property of their own into the collective farms with them. Herr Basseches explains the danger to the outer world as follows:—

> The new turn that Russia has taken is more dangerous to world economics as far as bourgeois countries are concerned, because Bolshevism will become more threatening to the outer world as it grows more powerful. Within a short time, perhaps within a year, the Bolsheviki will raise the standard of living of the Russian masses more easily than they put through the Five-Year Plan. The beginning of this process will mark the end of the old Five-Year Plan. From the point of view of propaganda, such a change of policy will not appear to be the retreat that it really is but will be described as a direct consequence of the policy pursued up to now. We need only remember that the declining standard of living in bourgeois countries and the simultaneous rise in the standard of living of the Russian population will have immense spiritual and political results. Such a development can be met only by consolidating Europe economically and thus preventing the European standard of living from declining.

ESPECIALLY since the activities of the Fish Committee lost the United States a considerable portion of its trade with Russia, the idea has been gaining ground that Russo-German trade is colossal. It has, to be sure, increased somewhat in recent months but not enough to vitiate the figures produced by the German Social Democrats, who have proved that Russia's buying power is vastly overrated. In *Vorwärts*, their official organ, they give the following figures for Germany's import and export trade with Russia expressed in millions of marks:—

Year	Exports to Russia	Imports from Russia
1925	251	330
1926	266	323
1927	330	433
1928	403	378
1929	354	426
1930	431	436

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Vorwärts then goes on to show that there are ten countries to which Germany now exports more goods than to Russia, both the Dutch and the English having purchased three times as much in 1930 as the Russians did. These figures suggest, incidentally, how seriously England's depreciated currency and higher tariffs will affect German trade.

WHEN GANDHI was haranguing the unemployed textile workers of Manchester, explaining to them that they were ruining India's hand weavers, he did not refer to the fact that his party's boycott of British goods caused Japanese exports of cotton and artificial silk to increase from 500,000 yards in 1927 to 33,000,000 yards in 1930, in other words to 61 per cent of Japan's total exports of these two commodities. Of course the Indians are doing what they can to supply their own needs. Textile mills in Ahmadabad and Bombay work day and night, but only a tiny fraction of India is industrialized, and Gandhi's little spinning wheel can hardly compete against the mass-production methods of Japan, which is profiting handsomely from Indian Nationalism. As a Bombay correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* puts it: 'Gandhi wants India to supply its own need for cotton as much as possible. It is utterly unlikely that this wish will be gratified soon. Meanwhile Japan is gradually drawing away England's portion of India's foreign trade.'

THE IMMEDIATE cause of Japan's attack on Manchuria was the shooting by Chinese soldiers or bandits of Captain Nakamura and a military companion who were traveling in civilian clothes on passports that made no mention of their army connections. This incident followed the murder by Japanese military authorities of more than one hundred Chinese residents of Korea. The *Japan Chronicle*, a liberal British newspaper published in Kobe, says that the Nakamura affair 'has shown that the army is a very dangerous member of the body politic of Japan,' adding that 'if army men go wandering about as civilians they can hardly expect their military status to be respected.' The *China Weekly Review*, a liberal American periodical published in Shanghai, criticizes the Japanese Government for attempting to disclaim responsibility for the army:—

> The world is thus presented with the spectacle of two governments functioning in Japan, one being the civilian administration represented by Baron Shidehara, which apparently wants to get on peacefully with China, and the other represented by the War Department, which is bent on forceful measures. Aside from the comparatively small group of commercial and financial interests that is involved with the military clique in the control of the South Manchuria Railway and affiliated Japanese interests in Manchuria, the majority of Japanese businessmen and industrialists want peace with China. They realize that Japan has most to gain from a peaceful, unified China. But the military clique and its commercial and financial associates, who have made big money out of the exploitation of South Manchuria,

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do not intend to give up their 'special position' without a struggle—even to the extent of a war if necessary to preserve their position on the Chinese mainland.

The truth is that the Japanese were more activated by fear than by any other emotion. They see the Chinese pouring into Manchuria, they see Russia wrapped up for the moment in the Five-Year Plan but spreading Communism in China and refusing to give up its rights in the Chinese Eastern Railway after fifteen months of futile negotiating, they see distress and radicalism increasing in their own country. Furthermore, China has just been overwhelmed by a flood, its northern and southern factions have been at odds as usual, and the Western countries are in the grip of an economic crisis. No more opportune moment could have been discovered for seizing strategic centres that are vital to Japan's interests and that will be taken over by the Russians within ten years if the present disorderly conditions are not checked. O. M. Green, former editor of the *North China Daily News*, organ of the Shanghai Die-Hards, says:—

> Tokyo does not seek quarrels with China, too valuable as a market and source of raw materials. Not impossibly the report that Chang Hsueh-liang, Governor of Manchuria, favored giving in to Japan, added to recollections of the Korean massacre, fired the Chinese troops to break out. Moreover, the old Chinese racial feeling against the 'dwarf slaves' of Japan was further inflamed by Japan's peremptory announcement, during the Chinese civil wars of 1929–30, that she would permit no fighting in Manchuria.
>
> Japan is very worried about Manchuria, where her investments total £225,600,000. The Chinese are building railways to compete with her line, the South Manchuria Railway, and a new port at Hulutao to rival Japan's at Dairen. And in the north, along the Chinese Eastern Railway, the Russian power is steadily increasing.

Dr. S. Washio, writing in the *Japan Advertiser*, states that the Japanese people 'are not paying for the upkeep of an army for nothing' and adds that 'it is high time that the Chinese should see that Japan is by no means down and out.' Most students of the Orient and many students of world politics believe that the clash of Japanese, Chinese, and Russian interests in Manchuria contains the germs of the next world war.

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Here are four home-grown interpretations of Great Britain's present dilemma—one radical, one conservative, one technical, and one prophetic.

Farewell *to* GOLD

A British Symposium

I. Patriotism and Tariffs

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

IF THE British public has not by now had its bellyful of patriotism it never will be satisfied. Every recruiting art was used to persuade it to rally round a National Government in support of the pound. The crisis was described as equaled only by that of 1914. Less than a fortnight ago we were told that any departure from the gold standard meant unutterable calamity, and a well-known economist attached to the Bank of England was permitted to make our flesh creep on the wireless by describing the horrors of a devaluated pound. The British Broadcasting Corporation was, of course, much too patriotic to permit an answer from those economists who held, as we did, that the best course was to accept the fact that the pound was at too high a level. Mr. MacDonald was even unwise enough to display an envelope with millions of marks' worth of stamps upon it in order to impress us with the appalling catastrophe involved in going off gold. And now that we have been pushed off the gold standard (a course usually held to be more humiliating but more honorable than the alternative of going off voluntarily) we are told on all hands that we need anticipate no disastrous consequences. The *Times* solemnly assures us that everything that it has said in the past on the subject is just so much nonsense, that there is not the least danger of the pound's following the franc or the mark. The National Government pats itself on the back because it has now done what it was formed in order not to do. The moral seems to be that patriotism is not enough. When the cry of patriotism is raised one can be sure that the object is to persuade us to do something so silly that we should never do it except in a passion of fine sentiment.

As this lesson sinks in, the stock of the National Government is likely to sink also. But the Tories are hoping through the prestige that still hangs about the National Government to profit both by their effort to save the pound and by the obvious advantages

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to our trade that arise from their failure. Their idea is a kind of khaki election—only it is to follow on a defeat that can be represented as more profitable than victory. The war atmosphere is to be kept up. The need for confidence and strong government is still to be emphasized. But the main appeal is to be on tariffs, and in order that none of the prestige of a National Government may be wasted, every effort is being made to get as many Liberals as possible to accept tariffs (Sir John Simon has, one understands, been promised office) and to keep Mr. MacDonald as leader of the 'National Party.' One can think of many distinguished and honorable ways in which Mr. MacDonald may still serve his country; no one who wishes him well would be anything but distressed to see him make the disastrous mistake of playing the part of stalking horse for a purely Tory manœuvre. Mr. MacDonald would not remain prime minister long.

An election on a tariff issue at this juncture would be a preposterous imposition. Depreciation has a wider effect than a tariff: it aids exports as well as reducing imports. That is why we have advocated it as the best method of adjusting our balance of trade. We want not only to check imports, but also to enable the foreigner to buy our goods. To impose a tariff at this stage is to invite the foreigner to retaliate against British goods and hence to nullify the advantages of going off gold. Tariffs, in other words, should be kept as a last resort. Until we know how much adjustment in our trade balance is to be made by our departure from the gold standard, it is impossible even to discuss tariffs intelligently, let alone to run an honest election on the tariff issue.

To talk about tariffs to-day is to show a completely wrong attitude to the whole crisis through which we have just come. Whether going off the gold standard is a blessing or not depends on ourselves. In our view, it had become desirable to go off gold and we are glad that this country has regained its freedom of action. It opens up a new chapter and offers great opportunities, of both national and international benefit.

NATIONALLY, the fight is to be between those who want the advantages of improved trade to go into private pockets, and those who believe that industry must be scientifically planned in the public interest. Now is the time to consider how we may guide the flow of investment into the best channels, how we may reorganize industries that have obstinately refused to reorganize themselves. And instead of that we are to be asked to give the Tories a free hand to impose protective tariffs, not on terms that would give the state control over industry, but in order to entrench inefficiency throughout the country.

Internationally the choice is equally clear. The worst thing that could happen would be for us simply to stabilize as near as possible to pre-war parity again—which seems to be Mr. Snowden's idea of meeting the situation—and so begin the whole wretched circle over again. We are, for the moment, in a strong position. Both France and America are interested in the progress of the pound; they are likely to listen to us, now that we have broken free, with an attention they never granted while we remained tightly bound in our golden chains. American industry is not far from collapse. America suffers the doom of Midas. Having for years refused to take goods from abroad and preferred to turn all she touched into gold, she finds herself left with gold and without goods. We shall be surprised if she is

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not in the near future ready to make a far more eager effort toward the cancellation of reparations and inter-allied debts.

Nor could anything have done so much as the collapse of the pound has done to bring home to every person of every country the monstrosity of a world situation in which poverty stalks gaunt amid plenty because capitalism has so far failed to evolve a practical technique of exchange and distribution. If we see French banks closing their doors (which is by no means unlikely in the near future), an international gold conference of an entirely new kind may be possible, a practical conference, not devoted to fine speeches and petty actions, but to business in the spirit of war conferences when action was urgent and decision imperative. There are great opportunities ahead of us for sane international action; we may really see the falling of tariff barriers and an end to the dead clutch of old indebtedness that now holds back the creative forces of the world. And we are asked as a preliminary, when we have taken a really useful step toward sanity, to jeopardize the whole advance by imposing, without any national necessity to justify us, a new set of tariff barriers that can lead only toward retaliation and a new game of beggar-my-neighbor.

II. Off the Gold Standard

By Hartley Withers

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Daily

MANY very clever people have been telling the public about the crisis and the pound sterling and its par value, and being 'pushed off the gold standard'; but it may be suggested with all deference that in their explanations they have not allowed for the fact that the man and woman in the street do not know what these things mean. I have received a request from the *Spectator* to put the matter so clearly that everybody can understand it, and this is what I am trying to do.

Under the gold standard the Bank of England notes that we used for buying and selling gave us the right to turn them into gold. In fact, most of us never wanted to do so, and this right had no meaning for us. All that we want from our money is that when we take it to the shops it shall provide us with as much as possible of the good things that we want to buy. But the right to get gold that the bank note gave its holder was of considerable importance to those who are engaged in foreign trade, and also, indirectly, to all of us; because this right, through the working of what is called the 'gold standard,' kept English money steady in what is called its 'exchange value,' that is, its value when it is turned into the moneys of other countries, and this right also tended to maintain the value of money at home for us, when we turn it into food and clothes and anything else that we want.

Let us see how it worked. A pound could be turned into 113 grains and a tiny fraction of gold. That was the rate at which the Bank of England was obliged to convert it, if we took enough pounds to it to buy not less than 400 ounces, which cost us about £1,600. (This limit was imposed so that gold should be taken out only to be sent abroad, and not for use in daily transactions at home, for which we cannot now afford to use it.) The Bank of England was also bound to buy any gold that was brought to it, at a fixed price.

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In most other countries the same, or a very similar, system works. For instance, the gold value of the American dollar is 23.22 grains. And so when the pound and the dollar were 'at par,' the pound exchanged into rather less than five dollars—$4.86\frac{2}{3}$, to be exact. And, as long as these two countries remained on the gold standard, the rate of exchange between them could not vary far from par.

The rate of exchange between London and New York, which means the price at which pounds can be turned into dollars and vice versa, varies with the number of pounds and dollars that are offered and bid for in the foreign-exchange market, which is composed of a number of specialists in both centres who are engaged in this business of international money-changing. Americans who have sold things to England for pounds naturally want to turn the pounds into dollars to spend at home, and so have pounds to sell; Americans who, through purchases in England, have to find pounds to pay for them, have pounds to buy, and these sellers and buyers, through the dealers who do the business for them, arrive at the price that is the rate of exchange for the moment. If sellers of pounds offer more than the buyers want, the dollar price of pounds will fall, just as wheat falls when there are more sellers than buyers. But, whereas in the case of wheat there is no limit to the extent of the fall, the working of the gold standard prevented the pound from falling below a certain point, owing to this fact that the pound could be turned into gold, and gold could be turned into dollars. For, if the price of pounds in dollars fell to a certain point, it paid an American holder of pounds to turn them into gold in London, bring the gold across the ocean, and turn it into dollars in New York; and so, as long as England was on the gold standard, the dollar price of pounds could not fall below a certain point, which varied with the cost of transport, insurance, and the loss of interest on the money during transit, and was called the 'gold point.'

In the same way, the price of pounds in New York could not rise beyond a certain point, because it would be cheaper for those who have to buy pounds to send gold from New York and turn it into pounds in London. And the same system worked, with different rates to suit the different gold price of the different moneys, with all the chief countries of the world; and so foreign trade was able to work with the convenient advantage of stable rates of exchange, which enabled those who buy and sell abroad to calculate, within narrow limits, the value of the money that they were earning, or had to pay, on foreign transactions. Without this system foreign trade may be a gamble, as was seen in the after-war years, when the gold standard was in abeyance and rates of exchange went up and down like Jacks-in-the-box. And so we see why, if the pound is pushed too far down, serious dislocation in our foreign trade might have to be faced; and this dislocation would also affect all other countries, owing to the great number of foreign-trade transactions that are settled in pounds, through London's position as a leading centre of world trade and finance.

It is true—and this truth has been rather ignored by those who have described for us the horrors of a relapse from the gold standard—that a fall in the exchange value of the pound will help our export trade. If the pound, instead of being worth nearly five dollars, fell to four dollars, our manufacturers who sell to America would have a great advantage at least for a time; because, if they sold $1,000's worth of goods, they would get £250 instead of about £206, as before. And so with other countries. This is why some high authorities have long

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thought that it might be good for our trade to lower the value of the pound. If it had been done deliberately it would have implied partial repudiation of our debts to those who have lent us money and would be repaid in pounds of a lower value. But since devaluation has been forced on us by foreign panic, we may accept the benefit so conferred.

But what will be happening to prices at home? This is the question that touches us all as spenders of our incomes. Those who sell abroad will benefit, as we have seen; those who buy goods abroad will have to pay more in pounds, owing to the pound's lower exchange value; and so the price of imported goods may rise. This will help to check imports, which is one of the things that has to be done; and so, with exports stimulated and imports checked, we may hope to restore our balance of trade and so strengthen our financial position, lately weakened by the fact that we were buying too much and selling too little abroad. As to retail prices in the shops, they ought not to rise to an extent that would hurt us seriously, in view of the recent fall in the cost of living.

There was another danger, so long as the budget was unbalanced—that, if the pound were no longer based on gold, there would be no limit to the number of notes that might be printed, if the Government chose that method of paying its way. If they were multiplied too fast, their buying power would inevitably fall, as we saw in the War, and we might even suffer from what is called 'inflation,' when money is poured out so quickly that it loses value every day and every hour, and the price of everything rushes up and there is general chaos and panic. These things ought not to happen in a decently governed country that does not lose its head; and now that the budget is balanced we may be sure that they will not happen here.

III. The Causes of the Trouble

From the *Economist*, London Financial Weekly

WE DO NOT recall a better short summary of the causes of the world crisis than that which is contained in a report, circulated at the end of last week, by the British Committee of the International Chamber of Commerce. The suspension of gold payments by Great Britain and the repercussions that this important step has involved throughout the world have created a new situation that may require rather different handling from that contemplated by the Chamber. But in this new situation it is more than ever necessary that the causes of the trouble should be clearly understood if international action, which is now more urgent than ever, is to be effective. We therefore make no apology for reproducing this report textually:—

1. In July last, on the return of the British Delegation from the Congress of the International Chamber of Commerce held in Washington, where the economic crisis of the world was the chief topic of discussion, a general report was given to the British National Committee of the Chamber and a Subcommittee was appointed to report in more detail.

The economic crisis of the world and Great Britain has developed so rapidly that the Subcommittee believe the British National Committee will be glad to be informed without delay what their Subcommittee consider to be the main causes, and will wish them to define also the steps which in their opinion Great Britain should take at once to protect her own economic

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position and to start better conditions in world trade.

2. The report that follows has been drawn up by the Subcommittee with that object in view and the Chairman of the British National Committee, Lord Luke, is circulating it to the constituents of the British National Committee in the hope that they will publicly indorse it.

3. During the post-war years there has been a gradual upsetting of economic and financial equilibrium by:—

(*a*) An uneven expansion in productive capacity—agricultural, mining, and industrial.

(*b*) The existence of international debts.

(*c*) The post-war policy of high customs tariffs.

(*d*) The uneven distribution of gold stocks.

4. During the War, the disturbance of normal productive activity in the belligerent nations led to an abnormal development of production in neutral countries. After the War, the restoration of the impaired capacity combined with the maintenance and further extension of the new productive capacity has led to an oversupply of many products, when that supply is related to the demand.

5. International debts must be discharged by the transfer of goods, or services, or gold, or by balancing international investments either on long term or on short term. High customs tariffs have interposed a most serious obstacle to the discharge of these debts through the transfer of goods, while the attempt to discharge them by these means has forced international trade into artificial channels. Their discharge by short-term loan has introduced financial instability, inasmuch as the risk of sudden withdrawal of short-term moneys is a constant potential source of exchange crises. The new creditor nations have not consistently maintained a policy of long-term foreign investment in sufficient volume or with sufficient persistence to offset their unwillingness to be paid in goods or services.

6. In consequence of the insufficiency of the methods of discharge of international debts by the transfer and receipt of goods, or by foreign investment, it has been necessary to transfer gold. This abnormal demand for gold has raised its price and, as is well known, a rise in the price of gold expresses itself by a fall in the price of all other commodities.

7. The present maldistribution of gold is, therefore, directly caused by the desire of the creditor nations to be paid for their exports and for interest on their international loans, while at the same time these same creditor nations refuse to accept payments in goods or services, or to maintain their volume of foreign investments at an adequate level.

8. In some cases the desire for tangible guarantees for future security has colored the outlook on international affairs in the post-war period to the detriment of the general economic situation. In other cases the change from creditor to debtor has come suddenly, both masked and accelerated by the War. Tariff policies, possible to debtors and regarded by them as great aids to national progress, have become high tariff policies regardless of the obligations imposed by the change of position from that of debtor to that of great creditor.

9. The creditor nations are failing to recognize the duty that lies upon the creditor of not preventing the debtor from paying. Great exporting and creditor nations are not realizing the truth that they cannot sell unless they support the world market, either as

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buyers or as permanent investors. For a great creditor nation in the world markets, the two policies of selling freely and of refusing to buy are incompatible. Persistence in these two opposed policies is bringing about a state of affairs destructive of the fabric of world trade.

10. The inconsistency of these policies has resulted in a clash of two irresistible forces. Rich and energetic sections of the human race have inflicted great injury on the fabric of world trade without their people's understanding that they are wrecking the world and that in wrecking the world they wreck themselves.

11. Creditor nations must accept an adverse balance of trade as a corollary and complement to their wealth or must, alternatively, maintain an even flow of permanent investment abroad. Until this is recognized there is every prospect of prolonged depression, increased unemployment, and unbalanced budgets. These factors have already threatened the stability of Great Britain, Austria, Germany, and other nations.

12. The uneven expansion in productive capacity and the uneven distribution of gold stocks referred to above have caused the calamitous fall in wholesale prices that has characterized the world depression. This fall in prices has, in turn, led to a disequilibrium between the costs of manufactured goods and the costs of primary commodities. The great world exchange between these two classes of goods has been interrupted so that all trading activity has diminished and unemployment increased.

13. In Great Britain, in particular, the direct and indirect effect of the fall in prices has been a serious reduction in the volume of British invisible exports; that is, of payments of shipping freights, banking, insurance, and other services, and in the yield of investments abroad. Coupled with the diminution in the volume of British exports, this fact led to a deficit on the British balance of trade with the rest of the world, a deficit that can be remedied under our existing fiscal system only by a great expansion of exports.

14. British exports will not regain their position in international commerce until the general level of British costs has been reduced to a point at which our productivity and prices can compete with those of other industrial nations. The adjustment of these costs must occupy a considerable period of time. In the meanwhile, it is essential to correct the disequilibrium of the balance of trade, and no other means are open to Great Britain than a drastic reduction in the volume of her imports, either by total prohibitions or by a general tariff. It is recognized that the adoption of a tariff policy by Great Britain and the abandonment of her existing free-trade system must impose obstacles to the settlement of international debts owing to her for services rendered by her shipping, her banks, and so forth, and as interest on her foreign investments.

15. The urgency of the present situation must, however, overrule this consideration. An expansion of the world crisis by enforcing on the attention of other nations—through the partial closing of the great British markets—the truth of the views on international trade expressed in this memorandum is the only course open to Great Britain in the present crisis.

16. When that step has been taken, however, Great Britain should take the lead in summoning a new international economic conference that would have for its object the adoption of conventions for the coördination of European

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and world tariffs upon such lines as would best assure the raising of the volume of international trade to a maximum level. In this connection, arrangements with different nations within or outside the British Empire or mutual concessions in regard to tariff rights should be welcomed, and there should be no hesitation in abandoning the most-favored-nation clause after such intervals as would be necessary for the denunciation of existing commercial treaties.

17. The adoption of a tariff alone will not cure British industrial troubles. Unless Great Britain is prepared to sacrifice her great international position, her industries must adjust themselves in every way to the new lower level of prices. Their present unit costs of production must be reduced. Interests, rents, salaries, and wages must all be lowered, and the organization, structure, and efficiency of activity must be improved until the combined emerging costs of British products again become competitive in all the world's markets.

18. When that end is achieved, the stream of international trade, now reduced to a thread, will regain its former volume and the aggregate of world productive activity, which alone provides sustenance, comfort, and luxury, will once more expand until, though the number of pounds or shillings in the income may be fewer, consumable goods and services will be amply available to all those who work, and those who now vainly seek employment will once again be occupied.

As regards the diagnosis contained in the preceding statement, we would add that the existence of high tariffs has not merely created monetary difficulties by preventing the normal adjustment of obligations between debtor and creditor countries, but, as between all countries, has accentuated overproduction in pursuit of the policy of trying to become self-sufficing in certain commodities, and by the excessive duplication of industrial plant. This policy has been pursued largely through the failure of the world to appreciate the change in the comparatively limited nature of the world's demand for certain types of commodities and the need for directing the occupied population and industrial resources into a new direction. We would also add, as important disturbing factors, the varying rates at which the chief countries of the world returned to the gold standard, and the effect of currency depreciation ten years ago, in such countries as Germany, in ruining the middle classes and altering the normal ratio between domestic savings and consumption.

We would finally add an observation regarding the Committee's conclusions in regard to tariff policy. They are prepared at this stage to see a step in the protectionist direction as a means to the end which they quite clearly see must be a general modification of trade obstacles with a view to increasing the volume of international trade. Our comment upon this is that, if our commercial policy is wisely handled, this country is to-day in a position to gain the desired end without going through the motions of putting on a tariff and taking it off again. We should achieve the result we desire if we are prepared to say to other countries that we will guarantee to apply our liberal commercial policy to them only if they are prepared to apply a similar régime to British goods. We agree, however, with the Committee that, as a world-wide sanity in economic matters is not to be expected immediately, we must be ready to modify our traditional policy in regard to the most-favored-nation clause in pursuance of this end.

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IV. The Road to Ruin

By Arthur Kitson

From the *National Review*, London Tory Monthly

IS IT POSSIBLE to arouse the intelligent people of this country to the imminence of their peril? By what other means than the publication of the warnings that have appeared in the pages of this journal from time to time during the past eleven years can one drive home the seriousness of our country's situation, and the causes that have created it?

In the September number of the *National Review* of 1920, on page 71, the following appeared: 'We are threatened with wholesale bankruptcy and national ruin through the policy now being strenuously advanced by the Treasury and Inland Revenue officials, aided by certain financiers, both national and international, and their organs. Unless the true nature of this policy is exposed and the conspiracy that lies at its root defeated, the British taxpayers will not only be saddled with a debt that will become practically inextinguishable, but we shall witness a period of industrial depression and social upheaval far more terrible than that following the Napoleonic wars!'

This policy, which was started soon after the appearance of the article from which the above quotation has been made, consisted of raising the purchasing power of the bankers' commodity—credit—by reducing the volume of legal tender and raising the bank rate. This policy caused a rapid fall in the price level of all other commodities, increased the costs of production, lessened the demand for goods, depressed trade and industry, increased the burden of debt and of taxation, and started the present era of unemployment and industrial ruin. A similar policy adopted in other countries is responsible for similar results.

Repetitions of these warnings have appeared in this and other journals since 1920, but without any apparent effect upon those responsible for this suicidal policy. It is true that several of the advocates of this policy have recently recanted and admitted their mistakes, but this has not deterred those in charge of our national finances from pursuing their ruinous policy.

The crisis that has led to a change of Government has been predicted for some years past, and it was no surprise to those of us who have done all in our power to try to enlighten our parliamentary and industrial leaders as to the real cause of our economic disasters. The Prime Minister has stated the position that confronted him some weeks ago, but he has shown in his statements that he is entirely ignorant of monetary science, and the measures that he has proposed for overcoming the crisis can only lead to a far more serious crisis in the near future.

He considers that any fall in the purchasing power of the pound sterling in relation to gold would be disastrous to the people of this country and to the world generally. And, in order to prevent this supposed calamity, he suggests a régime of rigid economy to be adopted by all classes. The public must consume less and purchase less, which means that, bad as our trade is, it must be further depressed, resulting in increased unemployment!

The present crisis is not by any means the first that has occurred in the financial history of this country. On several former occasions the Bank of England has found itself in serious difficulties by reason of the preposterous Bank Charter Act, which compelled the Bank to buy gold at a certain fixed

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price in sterling whenever it was offered, and to sell it also at a fixed price to anyone who presented Bank of England notes in payment.

Take the last crisis, which occurred as soon as the shadow of war first appeared in July 1914. For weeks previously, German bankers had been dumping securities on the British market and taking away gold. The export of gold continued until the Bank had scarcely enough to pay three shillings in the pound.

There was no panic, and the difficulty was speedily and easily surmounted by the issue of treasury notes. These notes proved the country's salvation through the greatest crisis in our history. It is true that this was done on the advice of the bankers themselves, and consequently the press raised no objection. On the contrary, they welcomed them and the public accepted them in place of golden sovereigns. In fact, the public voluntarily exchanged their sovereigns for these treasury notes. Mr. MacDonald has told us that the present crisis was as serious as the war crisis. Why could he not have met the issue in the same way as the Chancellor met the war crisis in 1914?

Again, we read almost daily warnings from the financial writers of the danger of what is called 'the flight from the pound'! Direful pictures are painted of the ruin and havoc that will occur to the whole of our population if the pound ceases to be equivalent in exchange value to 113 grains of gold. *Never was greater nonsense written.* The periods of this country's greatest industrial prosperity—measured by its output of goods—have been those periods when the pound was cheap; and the periods of our greatest industrial depression and social misery have been those during which the pound has been the dearest.

What is it that gives value to money and to credit? It is certainly not a paltry few millions of pounds of gold held in bank vaults. To-day we are all using the promissory notes of the Bank of England, against which there is not sufficient gold to redeem more than a small proportion. But this redemption is not legally obligatory on the part of the Bank—except in special cases and only for amounts equivalent to four hundred ounces of gold and over. *The value of money is created entirely by the public and by the Government when they accept it in exchange for goods and services.* No one, except those engaged in international exchange, stops to think of the *basis* of the currency. The one and only question that arises is, 'Will this money be acceptable to those whom I wish to purchase goods from and pay my bills to?' John Stuart Mill announced three-quarters of a century ago that, if every golden sovereign was replaced by a one-pound note and the gold withdrawn entirely, each note would have precisely the same value as the golden pound. We have innumerable instances of this. During the War the Bank of Sweden refused to exchange its notes for gold. Gold was at a discount with paper. And to-day the value of gold is purely artificial and is due to the legal-tender laws enacted by this and other countries since the War. And, if the Governments of Europe and of America were to do with gold what they did with silver half a century ago, gold would fall in value just as silver has done. Gold is a commodity like all others, and is affected by supply and demand. It is not owing to the demand in the arts that gold retains its high value. There is enough uncoined gold held in bank vaults to last the arts for the next fifty years. What would the value of cotton or wool or copper be, if it were known that there was enough of these commodities held in storage to satisfy the industrial demand for the next half-century?

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Again, it is claimed by the advocates of the gold standard that the yellow metal furnishes *a stable measure of value*. How much longer will the public allow themselves to be deceived by such a baseless claim? We have only to go back to the war period and compare our treasury-note system, unbacked by gold, with the dollar of the United States, where nearly one-half of the gold supplies of the world were collected. The only correct method of estimating the fluctuations in money is by means of index numbers. I quote the following from the speech of Mr. Reginald McKenna, chairman of the Midland Bank, delivered on January 27, 1925. After mentioning the variations of the pound sterling with the dollar during the War, he says: 'In 1922 the mean deviation from the British average [index number] was 2.87 and from the American 6.34. . . . If we take the whole period, 1922 to 1924, the respective mean deviations were 4.30 and 4.90. Thus, on the basis of the official index numbers, the price level in England has been more stable during the last three years than in the United States. Measured by the standard of purchasing power, the pound, which is not on the gold standard and has no regular restriction on its issue, has maintained stability better than the dollar, which is based on gold.'

If we take a history of gold values from the beginning of our present industrial era we learn that from 1789 to 1809 gold fell in value 46 per cent; that from 1809 to 1849 it appreciated 145 per cent, while between 1849 to 1874 it fell again 20 per cent. Its fluctuations since that date have been more numerous and more harassing to trade and commerce than any other single factor.

Moreover, the value of gold can be seriously affected merely by its removal from circulation. Its use as the basis of currency provides a means by which financiers can enrich themselves to an almost unlimited extent. The bankers' magazine some years ago gave an illustration of this. It related how a certain American syndicate during a period of three weeks withdrew £11,000,000 in gold from the Bank of England and shipped it to New York. Before doing this they sold British securities heavily and bought American securities. The withdrawal of this gold caused a fall in the prices of 325 of our leading securities of £115,500,000, while the expansion of credit in America, due to this additional gold, led to an advance in American securities to a similar extent. As a financial writer said at that time, 'These speculators were playing upon two tables—one in London and the other in New York—at the same time, and winning on both without any risk of losing. They were gambling on a certainty!' Similar operations have taken place since this and are in fact being continually practised, but without the same publicity.

THERE is not one scientific reason for employing gold as a basis for currency at the present time. In the days when credit was unknown, when mutual trust was impossible, in short, when society was in a semibarbaric condition, the use of the precious metals was probably the simplest and best method of trading. But this method was simply barter. The exchange of commodities for commodities is confined to unorganized or uncivilized communities. The business of the world generally is now carried on by means of credit. The credit of a nation is the real basis of a safe and sound currency. This credit comprises all its wealth-producing facilities. It includes capital and labor and raw material and natural wealth; its mines, its soil, and even the skill and genius of its people and especially their moral qualities. The credit of Great Britain

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does not rest upon the contents of its banks' vaults. It is based on its wealth production and the services of its people. *Can anything be more ludicrous than the spectacle of a nation reducing its economic standard of life, abandoning a large percentage of its works, machines, mines, fields, and farms, for the purpose of restoring its credit!*

And yet this is precisely what the policy of the so-called National Government amounts to. Professor J. M. Keynes in the *Evening Standard* of September 10 writes as follows: 'There is scarcely an item in the Economy Programme of the May Report—whether or not it is advisable on general grounds—which is not certain to increase unemployment, to lower the profits of business, and to diminish the yield of the revenue; so much so, that I have calculated that economies of £100,000,000 may quite likely reduce the net budget deficit by not more than £50,000,000, and we are just hoodwinking ourselves (unless the real object is to *pretend* to balance the budget for the benefit of foreign financiers) if we suppose that we can make the economies under discussion without any repercussions on the number of the unemployed to be supported, or on the yield of the existing taxes. Yet, if we carry "economy" of every kind to its logical conclusion, we shall find that we have balanced the budget at nought on both sides, with all of us flat on our backs, starving to death from a refusal for reasons of economy to buy one another's services!'

Mainly through ignorance, the Prime Minister is leading the country further down the road to ruin. Both he and his Chancellor are relying upon the trade and financial theories of a century ago, when our trade was a mere bagatelle compared to that of the present century.

New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' days were best;
And doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.

What is the real position of this country in regard to its obligations? By the adoption of the gold standard, the Coalition Government and its successors placed us at the mercy of that nation that was able to control most of the gold supplies of the world. Our keenest industrial rival in the world's markets managed to secure one-half of the available gold, and consequently, since we are now a debtor nation, we have become to a large extent subservient to our transatlantic neighbor. Consequently we must make such terms with our principal creditor as she demands. Fortunately, the resources of Great Britain with her oversea Dominions would enable us to discharge our liabilities if we had a truly national banking system. The annual gold productions of South Africa and Australia (to which may be added Canada) would—under a league of British nations—furnish all the gold necessary for meeting our foreign obligations. Unfortunately, we have no such system. We have no national bank in the sense of a government bank functioning entirely in the service of British interests. On the contrary, the Bank of England is an international trading company, and is permitted to carry on its business as its directors deem most advantageous to themselves and their shareholders.

We now learn that the crisis that has given us a new Government was precipitated through the policy of the Bank in making *long-time* loans to Germany during her recent troubles. This necessitated borrowing from France and the United States—which loans were made for *short* periods. The publication of the Economy Committee's Report, which was one of the most indiscreet acts on the part of the late government, created a feeling of

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uneasiness abroad and led to the calling in of loans and the reduction of the Bank's gold reserves to the extent of about £35,000,000 within a week or so.

But think of a Government's placing the whole of the national credit, together with the trade, commerce, and industries of this great nation, upon a basis of *borrowed* gold, which could be taken from us at any time! A more dangerous or more insane policy it would be difficult to imagine.

IT may be asked why the bankers of this country have adopted a policy that can end only in ruin. The reply is that they are merely continuing a policy that has been in existence for considerably more than a century, and that, whenever a crisis has arisen in their affairs, the Government has always obliged them by coming to their rescue and supporting their institutions with the national credit. Moreover, the gold-basis policy has been enormously profitable to the City of London. Owing to the insufficiency in the gold supplies and to the volume of legal tender based upon it, the bankers have created a substitute in the form of bank credit, which has no material existence. It consists of figures in the banks' books. But this invisible money, which exists only in the books of the banks, is loaned and draws interest charges precisely the same as if it had a material existence in the form of golden coins.

During the war period, the amount of this bank currency was increased to the extent of £1,000,000,000! Is it any wonder that the system is attractive to those who deal in money? This vast sum representing all the world's gold output for ten years was created by the pen! But this invisible currency, although profitable to its creators, constitutes the weakness and unsafety of our whole financial system. If every bank was compelled to keep pound for pound in legal tender for all its deposit accounts, there would be no danger of a panic or a run on the bank. But when the public know that no bank can furnish more than a percentage of their deposits in what is called 'real money,' the danger from any political crisis becomes apparent. Hence *public confidence is really the basis upon which financial operations are able to continue!*

Admitting the necessity for gold in respect of our foreign obligations, there is not the slightest reason for maintaining our national currency on a gold basis. Every monetary system is national in character. Gold is an international commodity, useful for the settlement of foreign-trade balances. But legal tender functions only within the jurisdiction of the laws under which it is created. And there is no real necessity for making the monetary units of different countries equivalent in exchange according to definite weights of any particular metal.

The system of index numbers is a far safer and a far more scientific method than a comparison of pieces of gold.

Nations employing different currencies—some using gold, some silver, and some paper—have had no difficulty in trading with each other all through the ages. The attempt to place all nations on the so-called gold basis is quite a novel experiment and has already proved a failure. The system is bound to collapse sooner or later, for the simple reason that there is not enough gold in the world to enable nations to carry on their normal activities. Moreover, the debts created during and since the War are of such a gigantic and almost inconceivable amount that the attempt to redeem them would produce universal disaster. The attempt, however, to pursue this policy is enslaving the people of all nations to a group of international financiers who are acquiring power of such a character as to endanger the world's peace.

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Money is the greatest power that man has yet created. It functions as the lifeblood of all nations, and, like the blood in the human body, it should have freedom to circulate. Interference in any channel may produce congestion, paralysis, and even death. It is a *social* instrument, and it is society that gives it its power. No individual or syndicate is responsible for the value or power of money. It is the creation of law, and obedience to law forms the basis of civilization.

To allow any group of individuals or any private institution to control this power is to jeopardize the safety and well-being of the people. The safest basis yet discovered for any monetary system is the national wealth. Indeed, its main purpose is to facilitate the exchange of the wealth products. Employed in its natural capacity, it is man's most valuable servant. Used by a few for the purpose of self-enrichment and aggrandizement, it becomes the most oppressive autocrat ever known. Nations have been intimidated against employing their national credit for currency by the stupid cry of '*Inflation!*' Only a few weeks ago the Bank of England was allowed to issue £15,000,000 in one-pound promissory notes *without adding a single ounce of gold to their reserves!* This act of currency inflation excited no adverse comments on the part of the press or politicians. But, supposing that Mr. Snowden had suggested issuing this amount in treasury notes as legal tender to help balance his budget, the cry would have resounded from one end of the country to the other—'*INFLATION! INFLATION!*'

In his *Modern Democracies* published in 1921, the late Lord Bryce said: 'Democracy has no more persistent or insidious foe than the money power, to which it may say, as Dante said when he reached in his journey through Hell the dwelling of the God of Riches, "Here we find Wealth, the great enemy." That enemy is formidable because he works secretly, by persuasion or deceit, rather than by force, and so takes men unawares. He is a danger to good government everywhere.' He continued as follows: 'The truth seems to be that democracy has only one marked advantage over other governments in defending itself against the submarine warfare that wealth can wage, namely, publicity and the force of public opinion. So long as ministers can be interrogated in an assembly, so long as the press is free to call attention to alleged scandals and require explanations from persons suspected of an improper use of money or an improper submission to its influences, so long will the people be at least warned of the dangers that threaten them. If they refuse to take the warning they are already untrue to the duties that freedom prescribes.'

But what is to happen when these safeguards of publicity are taken under the control of the money power? *And this is precisely what is happening!* Already the bulk of the press in the United States and other countries, together with the cinemas and radio corporations, is controlled by a single group of international financiers, who, by means of these channels of publicity, can mould and form public opinion in almost any way they choose. Never since the beginning of time has mankind been in greater danger of losing its freedom than now.

The inventions and discoveries of the past century,—and particularly of the last fifty years,—which it was believed would raise civilization to a far higher level than ever previously reached, may yet be employed in degrading and enslaving humanity, and some of us may live to see the beginning of another thousand-year night after the break-up of the British Empire—like that which followed the downfall of Rome!

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Not since Napoleon's time have the French dominated Europe as they dominate it now. One Englishman, two Germans, and a native son diagnose the case.

High Tide *in* France

AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

I. WHITHER FRANCE?

From the *Economist*, London Financial Weekly

A SURVEY in last week's *Economist* of the unresolved economic and financial world crisis led to the conclusion that 'any economic or financial schemes for the restoration of prosperity presume that political troubles are out of the way,' and that 'the key to the situation lies in the relations between Germany and France.' Is it not fair to add that these relations—and the fate of the world, which hangs upon them—depend upon decisions that will have to be taken in the near future by French statesmen in the light of French public opinion, and not by German statesmen in the light of German public opinion? France holds the initiative in international affairs in this thirteenth year of the post-war period as unmistakably as Germany held the initiative before 1914. The immense advantages of the initiative lie to-day in French hands, and its immense responsibilities on French heads.

That France should ever stand again where she actually stands to-day would have seemed incredible on the morrow of the Franco-Prussian War and hardly credible on the eve of the war of 1914. France now finds herself on a pinnacle of military and financial and political power which is higher than any that she has attained at any time since 1815. She is in the position of the hero in the opening scene of a Greek tragedy when he finds himself overtaken by unexpected and overwhelming good fortune. How will he meet the inevitable strain upon his character? Will he meet it with restraint and with saving wisdom, or will he lose his head, harden his heart, and overreach himself to his own destruction—the περιπέτεια that follows ὕβρις? The envious gods are watching and waiting to see which course he will follow; and, if he goes to destruction, he will draw after him all his fellow men.

Which choice is France going to make in the present international drama in which we are all implicated with her? The question is being debated in France at this moment; and foreign listeners can hear the argument being carried on between two French voices.

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One voice seems to be arguing somewhat as follows:—

'Now is the moment for France to stabilize the value of the French victory in the late war at par or above it. At this moment our financial and military and political power combined is irresistible. Let us make the most of our opportunity while we have it. Let us insist, in the forthcoming Disarmament Conference, on maintaining that decisive superiority in armaments which we and our post-war allies at present hold over our late allies and our late enemies. Let us maintain the new frontiers, established by the peace treaties, exactly as they stand, until our East-European allies have become fully masters in their own house by assimilating or ejecting or suppressing their minorities. And, when the world comes to us, as it must now continually come, for the financial accommodation which it needs, let us never give anything away without a *quid pro quo*. Let would-be borrowers from France understand, here and now, that loans from France involve a contractual obligation, on the debtor's side, not only to fulfill his part of the financial bargain, but also to renounce any attempt or aspiration to alter the present political "system of Europe." Here, at last, within our grasp, are the material guarantees for our security which we have been seeking since the Armistice. Let us take care not to let them slip through our fingers.'

That is one voice that is making itself heard in France just now; but another voice is also distinctly audible, and this second voice is disputing the argument of the first.

'Contractual obligations,' says this second French voice, 'are not good security unless the contract is felt to be morally as well as legally binding by both parties, and nobody ever feels a moral obligation to fulfill a contract that he has been compelled to sign under *force majeure*. If and when the compulsion ceases, he feels himself morally free. That is why none of us, in France, are satisfied with the undertakings to which Germany and her late allies have been compelled to subscribe in the peace treaties, and why some of us—but not all of us—have been seeking ever since to reinforce these undertakings with additional guarantees which, as others of us believe, are no better security than the original guarantees, because they are no more freely given. Can we really suppose, for instance, that the announcement, made by the German and Austrian representatives at Geneva last week, that they have given up the project of the Austro-German customs union really comes from the heart, any more than their signatures of the peace treaties a dozen years ago? These unwilling promises have only a paper value. They add nothing to the security that France and her allies desire from their superiority in military strength. On the contrary, they detract from our military security by making our late enemies' hearts burn within them and by giving them an incentive to try conclusions with us again if ever Fortune gives them the opportunity. The more guarantees of this kind that we extort from them, the more we increase our own insecurity by increasing their ill will.

'And here we come to the heart of the matter. Security is something subjective and psychological, not objective and material, and it can be realized only in its own kind. No man can ever feel perfectly secure unless he believes that his neighbors have no motive or desire to impair his security; and the only way to arrive at this conviction is to remove, as far as possible, any serious grievance that they may have against things as they are. You say that France, at this moment, is in a unique position of power, and we agree. You bid us make the most of our opportunity while

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we have it, and we agree again. But the opportunity of the powerful is not to impose his own desires upon his adversary by force, but to win his adversary's good will by generosity. The greater the power, the greater the generosity in not taking undue advantage of it, and the greater the good will that such generosity will evoke. Moreover, good will is not only a better security than main force, it is also a more durable security; for good will, once created, grows by compound interest, whereas victory is a wasting asset. "The one thing you cannot do with bayonets is to sit on them!" Let us seize this opportunity, then, not to write up the value of our late French victory from par to 105, but to write it down to 95 or even to 90, and thereby evoke, among our late enemies and our late allies, a feeling of good will toward France that will relieve us, as nothing else can, of those gnawing doubts about French security that haunt us still.'

These, as one foreign observer seems to hear them, are the two voices that are debating with one another in France to-day. Neither we, nor the French themselves, can yet foresee which voice is going to prevail; and no English voice can join in the debate with much authority until the pound sterling has received a clean bill of health from the world. France, so the omens suggest, is going—perhaps within the next twelve months—to decide this tremendous issue for herself and for all of us. We can only listen in, and hope that, when her mind is made up, we shall hear the whole of France speaking, through her Government, with the second voice and not with the first.

II. France Conquers Britain

By Dr. Hans E. Priester

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

THE UNEXPECTED has happened. England, up to now the strongest financial power in the world, has had to capitulate to the crisis. The Bank of England has been compelled to stop gold payments and thus to go off the gold standard. The news burst like a bomb in international financial circles both in England and abroad. We knew that British currency was in a delicate position. We knew that the English bank of issue was desperately struggling to protect the pound. But we never suspected that the struggle was being carried on the way it was or that it would end the way it has ended.

As we recall recent events we are forced to conclude that the Bank of England was influenced to an extraordinary degree by what happened in Germany during June and July. In the end, England has been sacrificed in a financial crisis of confidence without parallel in world history.

The cause of this lack of confidence lay in Central Europe. An unbroken chain of events runs from the failure of the Austrian Credit-Anstalt to the abandonment of the gold standard in England. The world of international finance was not unaware how many financial connections had been established between England and Central Europe. It was known that the City was chiefly responsible for financing Germany as well as Austria. Any crisis in either of these two countries could not fail to affect their creditor, especially since England's financial position in the international credit market was extraordinarily insecure. For the War cost England her position as the leading

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financial power in the world. That place was taken over by the United States.

To the English this represented a blow from which they have never really recovered. They exerted all their strength to continue in their rôle of dominating financial power. For this reason the English pound was stabilized in 1925 at its old pre-war point, although practical considerations did not justify so high a valuation. The City left no stone unturned to dominate at least the short-term credit market. This task was made easier by the fact that London had always been the central acceptance market, the place where all short-term capital from every country in the world naturally gathered. The policy of the Bank of England was aided by an excellent credit service that attracted foreign funds to London. This money was then loaned out on short term through English banks, and England thus became the chief financier of Central European foreign trade. The City was doing its best to remain the financial centre of world trade.

Despite the large English capital investments abroad,—many of which, especially in Australia and South America, have ceased to pay interest,—England's extensive short-term indebtedness has constituted a danger to the monetary standard, which has caused the Bank of England an exceptional amount of trouble since 1925. When the French franc was stabilized and France again returned to the international money market, French money poured into London. It streamed through Great Britain because higher interest was paid there than in France. But these sums were not 'secure.' They reacted too quickly and too often to the political and economic conflicts throughout the world. French financial diplomacy used them as a weapon to force England into accepting French demands.

Thus the English money market was a colossus with feet of clay, and the weakened condition of Central Europe inevitably undermined this colossus. Nobody recognized this fact more promptly or more clearly than Montagu Norman, president of the Bank of England, who has been bending every effort in recent months to remedy the Central European situation. That is why he supported the Austrian Credit-Anstalt so decisively. That is why he was so active in helping to put through the Hoover Plan. That is why he arranged for extending foreign credits to Germany. Nevertheless, Montagu Norman could not dissipate the storm that he saw approaching. The knowledge that English banks had obligated themselves in Europe, the fact that their assets were frozen there—for that is what the extension of German short-term credits means—made City creditors nervous. Then came the Franco-English political controversies that began when the Bank of England came to the aid of Austria and continued during the dispute about the Hoover Plan. They found their expression in the withdrawal of large sums of French money from London. This in turn weakened the English pound on the international money market, which did not increase the faith of the creditors. The bacilli of mistrust began multiplying rapidly. Nearly every day the Bank of England lost huge sums of gold. Its directors tried to defend the pound with every weapon at their power. When they saw that raising the discount rate could do nothing in such a time they called on America and France for aid. Two international rediscount credits, one of fifty million pounds and another of eighty million pounds, were supposed to save England's gold currency.

This purpose was not achieved for the simple reason that domestic affairs in England alarmed the foreign credi-

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tors still more. The position of the English budget and the way the nation tried to avoid a deficit helped to weaken the pound. The political crisis in England, the naval mutiny, and the international stock-market slump all contributed to the withdrawal of more foreign money. But the Bank of England had learned something from German experience. It saw that it would have to fall back more strongly on its rediscount credits. It knew from information received in Paris and Washington that no more money would be poured into such a leaky container, since it was now evident that the credits advanced had not performed the psychological service expected of them. No more money could be procured, yet more was needed to build a wall around the pound. The other financial powers could not and would not advance funds again.

As a result of this bitter experience, the Bank of England, hoping to the last for a change, had no choice but to protect what remained of its international rediscount credits. Nearly all the French credit of forty million pounds remained untouched. Experience in Germany had proved the futility of draining gold from the bank of issue by constantly paying out more money. All that could be done was to withdraw from an impossible position with as large reserves as possible. Hence the Bank of England, supported by the Government, suddenly finds itself in a relatively favorable situation by abandoning the gold standard.

FROM the point of view of currency policy, England has returned to the position she occupied between 1914 and 1925. The Bank of England is no longer numbered among those countries that maintain the gold standard. This has, of course, lowered the value of the English pound in terms of foreign gold currencies, but it does not mean that inflation will necessarily follow.

The present Government has explained that it will make every effort to keep the price level under firm control. It remains to be seen whether this policy will succeed in the face of the strong efforts being made by a certain group to increase exports and decrease wages by lowering the value of the pound at home. In any event, it is certain that England will seek the protection of a moratorium, avowed or unavowed. Foreign creditors will have to wait for their money, and negotiations on this point already are being discussed. The results of such a moratorium on the international financial powers will be amazingly extensive. France has withdrawn most of its capital from England, but the Americans have a big stake there. It is unofficially estimated that the big American banks have more than a billion dollars in London. What it would mean to America and to the American banking system to have these credits frozen cannot yet be foreseen, but it is certain that America's freedom of movement as an international financial power is gravely hampered. Supremacy has definitely passed over to France.

The effect of events in England on world economics cannot yet be foreseen. Those countries whose currency is largely dependent on England will be forced to follow the English example to some extent. This is especially the case with the north European powers. Moreover, the abandonment of the gold standard will have an immense reaction on world trade, which has always been conducted in pounds. It is certain that attempts will be made to do business in other gold currencies. In other words, England's rôle as a middleman in world business will be greatly curtailed henceforth.

The reactions in Germany to what has happened in England may not seem

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very serious, simply because we are independent so far as credit is concerned, thanks to the extension allowed us in July. Our short-term foreign credits are secured to us for half a year, since the agreement signed even by England forbids all countries to withdraw their credits until that time is up. Yet events in England do affect Germany.

England's S O S call has sidetracked many political questions that recently agitated the world. Everything now depends on reaching an economic understanding with France, for only with French help can the shattered structure of international credit be rebuilt. Everyone knows France, and also knows that France will not give economic aid except in return for political concessions. England, as well as Germany, must reckon on this fact, whether she likes it or not. Those of us who have always hoped for England's political and economic support, especially in relation to extending the present short-term credits that we have been allowed, must now abandon this hope for good and all. America, too, as we have seen, is hampered in its freedom of action. Everything therefore depends on working together with France to rebuild world economics on a common basis. Some form of understanding must be reached regardless of petty political desires or questions of prestige. The sooner it comes the better for the world and for Germany.

That is why the French Premier's visit to Berlin is so important. It has occurred in unexpected circumstances, circumstances that can only make both sides more eager to come to some understanding. Paris has become the centre of world economics and world politics. That is a fact we should keep before our eyes in every political decision that we may have to make in the near future.

III. Francs Are in the Saddle

By Valeriu Marcu

Translated from the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*, Munich Conservative Daily

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION did not 'discover' the French nation but it proclaimed France to the world. The right of national self-determination was its great hymn of freedom. The Paris National Convention of 1792 urged all countries to write constitutions for themselves. The men who attended this convention tried to awaken the slumbering national instincts of Europe. Every peaceful valley, every remote market place, every shepherd's bonfire resounded to the message announcing equal national rights.

Certain decisive moments in the lives of nations determine their destinies for centuries. Certain facts are as inevitable as death. If the principle of nationality proclaimed by the French in 1792 had not been what it was, to wit, the ambition of the Girondins to create a world republic with Paris as its capital, if the French principle of nationalism had not been a mere word that really meant domination, then Franco-German relations would have been quite different. For relations between two states do not depend on gestures of friendship or hostility or the visits of prime ministers. They are dominated by generations of past experience.

After the French Revolution all the fine principles that had been proclaimed in regard to freedom, human rights, and the right of nations to self-determination were made subordinate to the right of France to predominate. And now that the golden artillery of Paris has

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prevented Germany and Austria from uniting, this action may well be interpreted as the present purely French version of the Rights of Man that were proclaimed during the Revolution. The principle of nationality has been transformed into the *pax Gallica*, and this in turn has led to the dictatorship of the franc.

The dictatorship of the franc is not a technical achievement of bankers but represents the tendency of world politics to develop in a certain direction at a given moment. Friends of peace, even though they occupy elevated, responsible positions, can do nothing but wring their hands, which does not overcome any dangers. The innermost tendencies of present political events are impelling us toward upheaval, and this inner force looks quite different from the way things appear on the surface.

Superficially, the franc has everything in its favor, and France, too, occupies the most advantageous position in her history. Even Napoleon would have been satisfied. Where his marshals once sat enthroned Paris bankers are now established as dictators who do not have to beat a military drum. François-Poncet, the new ambassador to Berlin, is the faithful guardian of the Gallic currency. He is stronger than Briand ever was. He is the diplomat of his Government and something more. He has only to whistle three times and credits will be withdrawn.

London was never so dependent on Paris as it is to-day. Half of its last loan came from there. France had twelve billion francs on short-term loans in England, and Paris had only to whistle three times for these credits to be withdrawn. Even Mussolini is paying court to Paris. His representatives eagerly proclaim the brotherhood of all Latin races. Italy's connections with Hungary and Bulgaria hang by a thread. Poverty prevents love, and Paris has only to whistle three times and Rome will receive credit.

Even Red Moscow, even the Soviet Union, with its iron determination to put through the Five-Year Plan, will sacrifice a few pages of the 'Communist Manifesto' to get new loans, in spite of its hatred of bourgeois capital, in spite of its love for Karl Marx, in spite of its assertions of independence. Paris has only to whistle and Moscow will receive the francs it needs.

Of course, the franc does not stand alone. It has one equal, the dollar. But America is far away. It has no immediate strategical interest in Europe and, above all, the dollar and the franc are reconciled to each other, tied and chained together. The rest of the world is so poor that Paris and New York don't need to fight for the best fields of investment.

THAT is the outer surface on which everything looks favorable for the franc, but below the surface things look different. In spite of the dominance of the franc, its victory has not given the world even a minimum of the necessities of life. It has brought the forces of social unrest to the boiling point. It has demoralized the most conservative class on the continent of Europe, the peasants. It is creating new sources of rebellion every day. Politics, in the sense of great historic changes, are no longer being determined by diplomatic conferences.

Contrary to all expectations, revolutionary feeling is growing among the peasant inhabitants of the new nations that were supposed to create a bulwark against Russia: Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. After the War the big proprietors in these countries were dispossessed. Enormous expropriations transferred the ownership of land.

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Millions of new owners of small estates were supposed to defend the established order. Furthermore, these peasants were fanatically devoted to their soil. Their hand was always ready to defend the land that had fallen to them. But now these property holders are proletarianized, impoverished, and worse off than they were under the big landowners. The only way they can continue life is to tighten their belts. They are in debt to the banker. They lead hungry lives. The bailiffs are crushing them to earth. They sell nothing, but have to pay taxes and interest.

These massed millions know nothing about Stalin, about the 'Communist Manifesto,' about the discussions between various Soviet sects. Such things don't interest them, and most of them are illiterate anyway. But somehow they know that the most radical element has been victorious in Moscow. To them this is a legend and a fable. Their dissatisfaction may cause them to raise the standard of revolt tomorrow or the next day, and this standard is always flaming red, although it may take on other colors temporarily. As time passes, dissatisfaction turns red just as surely as rivers flow into the sea. These are things that the dictatorship of the franc has not taken into account.

What ultimately determines politics? The imponderables. What kind of peace has the franc brought? No peace, no francs, no bread, no work, no quietude. To speak out frankly, not to be misled by falsehoods, not to believe the conventional thing, not to fill one's head with cut and dried optimism—that is perhaps the first step toward real peace and political activity.

IV. Sound Sense from France

Translated from *Le Temps*, Paris Semiofficial Daily

M. FLANDIN, our Finance Minister, made a speech at Geneva replete with good sense which dealt with the financial and monetary crisis that is now affecting a large part of Europe. He especially emphasized the following fundamental but often misunderstood truth: that the origin of the evils from which so many nations are now suffering resides chiefly in the credit abuses committed during the past few years, abuses that were born of the inflation systematically practised in various forms by most great countries. These abuses stimulated consumption artificially and made the producers lose all sense of reality. We have been led into an unprecedented condition of overproduction that suddenly revealed itself when foolish speculation, which had been imprudently encouraged, collapsed and the artifices of credit stopped creating deceptive effects.

Credit abuses are the immediate cause of the embarrassment in England and Germany. The crises that befell those two countries resemble each other in that both were directly provoked by the imprudent immobilization of short-term foreign credits that were suddenly withdrawn when confidence was generally destroyed. Here again inflation played its pernicious rôle. Circulating capital funds that had been multiplied immeasurably ceased to perform their normal, remunerative functions. They were invested under conditions in which they were neither mobile nor secure, as they should have been in order to be loaned at all.

By putting his finger on this weakness M. Flandin had no trouble proving that intergovernmental debts born of the War are not responsible for the present confusion to the extent that many people assert. Neither the failure of the

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German banks nor the fall of the British pound was caused by the transfer of funds made in payment of international debts. If certain currencies that used to enjoy stability and if certain powerful financial establishments that used to be secure have been endangered, the origins of these difficulties do not reside in debt payments but in the difficulty and even in the impossibility of collecting 'frozen credits.' And since it is impossible to remedy an evil without attacking its cause our Finance Minister was right in denouncing the error of those who believe that cancellation of political debts pure and simple is a panacea that will reëstablish the financial health of the world and in attacking the injustices and fresh troubles that such a solution would involve.

M. Flandin also made a just reply to the criticisms that are still arising in many quarters on the subject of gold distribution. If the United States now possesses about forty per cent and France about twenty per cent of the world's stock of gold, this state of affairs is due to the free movement of capital and not to the desires of governments or of their institutes of emission. We need only recall that the Bank of France, far from having attracted gold, has on the contrary done everything it could since the world depression began to limit and check the flow of gold into the country. And if the Bank did not always succeed, is n't that the very best proof that migrations of gold and capital funds cannot be controlled in a troubled period like the present by the desires of monetary authorities but that these movements blindly obey impulses arising from confidence or fear? Thus our Minister could only repeat that the return to a normal situation depends on the reëstablishment of confidence in countries where confidence has been destroyed. Is this a vague formula? Not at all, for M. Flandin defined it precisely.

To his mind confidence is chiefly the result of better management of national finances, which in turn is based on safeguarding a balanced budget. Banks of emission must exercise a more severe control over the credits that they put in circulation. Finally, free exchange and movement of capital funds will do infinitely more to assure the adjustment of production to our needs than all the cleverest regulations, since regulations have already created and will always continue to create more trouble than prosperity.

Here unquestionably is a clear interpretation of the necessities of the hour. When confidence is reëstablished a rational division, not of gold but of credit, will accomplish itself naturally. Financial coöperation between states will be easily arranged—provided nothing troubles the atmosphere of peace that is essential to any fruitful economic labor—because countries rich in capital will then have an interest in lending assistance to those without capital and people who have saved money will no longer refuse to subscribe to loans that are now difficult or impossible to raise.

One final observation of our Minister deserves to be emphasized. M. Flandin declares that if we want to restore credit we must first liquidate the losses due to credit inflation and liquidate the spirit of inflation itself. Nothing could be more just. Furthermore, this liquidation is now under way. The British monetary crisis, following as it does the German crisis, will hasten the process. Deflation, the inevitable price for errors that have been committed, is something that the Anglo-Saxon financial authorities have lacked the energy or foresight to achieve. This will now be accomplished through the irresistible action of monetary laws.

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A straight reporter with no political bias describes the present condition of Germany. He finds in the Prussian police the surest guarantee against social revolution during this coming winter.

INSIDE Germany

By HENRY DE KORAB

Translated from *Le Matin*
Paris Boulevard Daily

'GELD UND POLIZEI,' said my German friend with a bitter sneer as a train passed over our heads, making the iron supports that held it tremble with the music of Berlin. 'Money and police,' that is the way he summed up the Berlin of 1931. We were walking along a dark cross street lit up occasionally by the dubious halo of a little bar. These people are worried about money all right, but do they love or fear the police? I wondered if my friend was not superficial or unjust to reduce the life of an enormous city to only two elements. 'But,' I protested, 'see here, there must be a store of intellectual wealth behind these closed shutters. There must also be babies who need to have their diapers changed.'

'Pooh, I am not at all sure of that,' growled my skeptical companion. 'We live from day to day and even the children say that they don't care if a catastrophe occurs this winter, closing the schools and destroying all values.'

At this moment we suddenly emerged into the illuminated Kurfürstendamm. Against a background of electric-light advertisements crowds of women with plucked eyebrows were leading pedigreed dogs and walking arm in arm with rich-looking, arrogant men. It was a crowd devoid of joy but it made all the gestures that people make when they are amusing themselves. Pouring out of the cinemas on to the sidewalks, it invaded the cafés and little night clubs, where international blackguards were belching forth obscene French songs that would not have been tolerated in similar Parisian establishments. It does n't take long to see the night clubs in Berlin, because they are generally so crowded that you have to visit all of them before you find a table. This is just as well, for silence weighs heavy in this atmosphere of increasing uneasiness. Taking a chance of catching cold, we sat down on an open-air terrace.

'I believe that you don't understand me very well,' my companion continued. 'When I mentioned money I seemed to be touching on a truth that is depressingly banal, for obviously money has played its little rôle in every time and in every country. But

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to-day "money" and "*Geld*" don't mean the same thing any more. We are apt to say, "Es ist gut, reich zu sein, aber es wäre noch besser, ein bischen Geld zu haben," which means, "It is fine to be rich but it's better still to have a little money." This means *Bargeld*, ringing, full-weight money, or *Taschengeld*, pocket money.

'In like manner the expression, "looking toward to-morrow," means something quite different in Berlin from what it does in Paris. When *you* say it you are thinking of your old age. With us nobody except maids-of-all-work takes any thought of old age. In the Berlin of 1931 "to-morrow" is really to-morrow. It is the Sunday after next Saturday.' He bowed to a couple who were getting out of a fine automobile and then whispered in my ear, 'Look, that couple built a sumptuous villa in the Grünewald district in 1927. Madame went so far as to install solid silver fixtures in her bathroom. Well, I bet they don't know how they're going to make both ends meet this month.'

'Their chauffeur has on a fine uniform.'

'What do you expect? Berlin people don't know how to economize and don't want to, either.'

'But there must be some people with foresight?'

'Such people prefer to leave. That happened to a family you may remember dining with last year. They closed their house and left for Switzerland. They found that the more honorable thing to do.'

'But that way of saving one's face doesn't settle the country's affairs.'

'Certainly not, and those who remain defend themselves as best they can by acting as they do. After the privations of the War and the inflation, enormous foreign loans poured into the country. Every class has improved its standard of living. The Germans love their comfort, and even the English, who know something about such matters, are amazed. To-day we won't take one step backward. We live without any budget, provided we have enough money to get through the evening. It is this attitude that explains many things about individuals and about the country at large. That is why we want our money now. After that, the deluge.'

A violent explosion interrupted our conversation. The terrace became a scene of confusion. Some people rushed forward to see what had happened. Others, less courageous, fled indoors. Finally we discovered that a tire had blown out.

'They are very nervous,' I remarked.

'Naturally, when we are always expecting something to happen. Furthermore, in this quarter, in West Berlin, there are many Jews. They feel guilty.'

I took an oblique, surprised glance at my friend's hooked nose and curly hair.

'Of course,' he continued, 'everyone in Germany knows that if things go badly the Jews and the bicyclists are to blame.'

'Why the bicyclists?' I demanded in surprise.

He roared with laughter. 'Why the Jews?'

I had been taken in by the latest Berlin joke and my companion was suffocated with delight. But suddenly his face became grave. He got up and listened. 'This time it's serious,' he said in an agitated voice. 'Perhaps you don't know that this is the Jewish New Year.'

From the avenue below we heard a sound of tumult and shouting, then at the farther end a siren shrieked. Traffic stopped and hastily drew aside to make way for a car driven at full speed and filled with police carrying pistols. 'Gott sei dank, Gott sei dank,' murmured my companion. 'There is the *Überfallkommando*.' People then

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began arriving on the run, shouting, 'The Nazis, the Nazis.'

An elegant young lady with a little Scotch terrier under her arm stopped at our table, panting, and expressed her indignation in a breathless voice. 'They sneaked into the café one by one and sat down at tables that were already occupied. They began by wishing us happy New Year. Suddenly a whistle blew outside and they threw themselves upon us and began to beat us. My God, gentlemen, they slapped women's faces. I saw it myself. And do you know that the same thing was going on across the street and to our right and left? The same whistle started this cowardly attack on four or five cafés.' She was ready to weep and I offered her a chair. 'Calm yourself, madame, rest. It is over. The police are now driving back the Nazis with clubs.'

'Ah, yes,' she said, clasping her hands. 'They arrived like the wind two minutes after they had been summoned. It was lucky.'

What I chiefly remember of this repugnant adventure is the whistle. Obviously nothing can happen in Germany without a whistle, without precise orders. There are never spontaneous uprisings, either in the elegant western quarter of the town or in the dreary workingmen's district in the north. It was there that a whistle had blown the evening before, when three men were killed and ten wounded. That time Communists had opened fire on the Nazis.

During the morning I had made a little tour of exploration through that red-brick quarter. The proprietor of the *Bierstube* on the Gneisenaustrasse where the bit of civil war had occurred did not have to be urged to speak. He cheerily assured me that no incident had motivated or preceded the killing. Moreover, Hitlerites and Bolsheviks met every day at his bar, clicked glasses, said '*Prosit*' as all good people do, and nothing ever went amiss. The only thing was that that evening the Communists had received orders and then, naturally enough, you know how it is, they fired when they were told to with the discipline proper to any armed group. He proudly continued, 'In Germany, sir, neither guns nor revolvers go off of their own accord. Nor are people's faces slapped without orders, either. Incidents of every kind occur only on command, but they never go very far as long as there is a police, at any rate, this police we have.'

HERR GRZESINSKI, president of the Prussian police, was the first perfectly tranquil if not really optimistic man I met in Germany.

'You have no fears for the winter?' I asked him when he received me in his office in the Alexanderplatz. One has to whisper the word 'winter' here.

'I fear nothing,' he replied with assurance. 'I am absolutely sure of my men. Of course there may be fighting; indeed, there surely will be, but the state will never be in danger.'

'You don't think that the extreme Hitlerites or Communists can suddenly meet you with well-organized forces and defeat you?'

He burst out laughing. 'Really, sir, these young fellows who play soldier on Sunday don't frighten me. I've got my hand on enough force to crush at once any attempt at a *coup d'état*. For we don't have to fight the people. The German masses are patient and reasonable. And the hired agitators are not able to hold up against a well-organized police that is profoundly conscious of its duty. For we don't confine ourselves to teaching our men their profession. We also take care that they are united in a common spirit of defense of democratic liberty.'

'So the Prussian police is a kind of school for citizens?'

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'Exactly. Our police are disciplined but intelligent men. Moreover, the way we recruit them now eliminates any elements that would refuse the ideas we defend. We have abolished the old system of making policemen out of former soldiers. We appeal to a different group. Two-thirds of our men have bachelor degrees, and during the first seven years with us they are given general instruction. You have only to see them and talk with them to understand this for yourself.'

Herr Grzesinski had anticipated my desire, for that was what I wanted to ask him for even more than an interview. I thus spent a morning with the police of the *Oberkommando* in Berlin. I knew from the outside the enormous buildings of the Weidendamm, but I had never thought that I should find such a friendly reception within. The old arrogance of the German police and their contempt for civilians have completely disappeared. From the time that the orderly led me up three flights of stairs to the office of the commander in chief of the Berlin police, everybody received me with extreme courtesy, which was all the more appreciated because it revealed itself before they knew who I was.

We began by visiting the 'casino,' two modest, well-lit recreation rooms decorated with portraits of Grzesinski, Ebert, Schiller, and Beethoven. Twenty policemen were sitting about reading newspapers, writing, drinking beer, and playing cards. 'Good morning,' said the young man who accompanied me. 'This gentleman is a French journalist who has come to take a little look at our organization and who would not mind hearing what we think of the situation.' A serious young man stopped writing and fixed his eyes on me energetically. 'What we think is very simple. What we all think is that these *Schweinhunde* of Nazis and Communists are making a rotten war on us.'

'How so?'

'They are cowards who hide and shoot us in the back. We have victims every week. So the foreigner must n't be astonished if the police first seem to be brutal and fierce. Is n't that so?'

A murmur of approbation went up from all about him. 'Let them try a little attack, that 's all we ask. It will be a pleasure to fight them. For there is nothing more disgusting to a uniformed man, to a man who exposes himself to peril openly and frankly, than sly aggression. But we are not brutes. Would you do me the honor to visit my room?'

Others gave me the same invitation. I soon understood why. They were proud of the modest interiors they had created for themselves within the severe walls of the barracks. On every table I found classical works of literature and history, a vase of fresh flowers, and a guitar or violin. My guide led me down into the courtyard and showed me a squadron of automobiles.

'The men you have seen are resting, but in case of alarm by day or night they are in the automobiles ready to start within two minutes. Captain Schultemann controls the levers of the central alarm that releases fifteen thousand police from nineteen stations in Berlin.

'You understand,' he continued, 'that the Berlin police must be organized so as to cope immediately with other things beside simple robbery or crime. I have a keyboard that permits me in the minimum of time, without saying a word, to direct the necessary force to any point that is threatened. One push button sets off either a partial or a complete alarm. Every part of the city has been studied in advance from the strategic point of view, and a plan of operation has been carefully prepared. Every eventuality has been foreseen. A *Putsch* might break out at this moment in the Tiergarten or in the

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Alexanderplatz or in the two places simultaneously. Within five minutes an intelligent counter offensive will have developed automatically and vigorously, too, as you may be sure since you have already talked with our men. The enemies of the republic had better give up hope: we sha'n't let ourselves be taken by surprise.'

After visiting the police one gets a better understanding of why the extremists of every stripe detest the Prussian *Landtag* and the government that emanates from it. It is not the ideas of Otto Braun that the Hitlerites, *Stahlhelm* members, and Communists have opposed, but the material forces at his disposition. For these constitute an insurmountable obstacle. To sum matters up, the Prussian plebiscite was directed against the police, whose existence dooms all prospect of social revolution or royal restoration.

I PLAYED with the Reichsbank gold as one exercises with dumb-bells, raising two bars of it that weighed 385 ounces each. 'You have four hundred thousand francs' worth there,' remarked Dr. Parchmann, a big, serious young man in the research department.

'*Unsinn*,' growled an employee, as he leaned over a platter loaded down with twenty-dollar gold pieces that he ran through his fingers like a skilled magician. Arranged in open cupboards, the gold surrounded us on every side, piled up in regular heaps. The employees who accompanied me stood about in silence, wearing hostile expressions. Their irritation was no doubt due to the campaign that is being carried on in Germany by zealous theorists who want to prevent children from pressing their noses against the plate-glass windows of money-changing establishments. 'I believe,' observed the intelligent and humorous guardian of the Treasury, 'that the golden calf was not reproached for having stood still but for having tendencies to flee. Look at all the breaches that exist. Within a few months over sixteen million ounces, half our reserves, have departed.'

The blocklike building of the Reichsbank stands not far from the Friedrichstrasse at the centre of an old quarter of town. Perhaps 'old' is not quite the right word, but Berlin has expanded to the westward so vigorously since the War that the proud centre of the late nineteenth century has been pushed aside and has gone rapidly out of fashion and fallen into dust and decay. Even the corridors of the Reichsbank have a provincial atmosphere. I walked through a maze of them, climbing up and down stairs, crossing marble halls and ill-lit rooms where melancholy men leaned over ledgers as if they were working in an abandoned library. Finally, the gentleman ahead of me drew from a leather sheath a slender key the length of a sword. He plunged it up to its handle into a steel panel that opened noiselessly, and we penetrated the heart of the bank.

This, in the last analysis, is the place where all eyes in Germany are now focused. The public imagines that the winter's secret is concealed behind these thick walls of armor plate. 'If the Reichsbank holds out,' people are all saying, 'if the Government can keep on paying unemployment benefits, we shall turn a dangerous corner. If not, political and social catastrophe will overtake us soon.'

THE German public, which has lost all its bearings and become more and more agitated, cares less than ever about the future and wants a loan or an issue of bank notes that will provide money at once. But the Reichsbank does not share this opinion. I spent the evening with several clear-sighted officials. 'Let us not analyze causes or list

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the mistakes that have been made,' one of them said over our coffee. 'Whatever the reasons are, the facts exist. We have to find two and a half billion marks, fifteen billion francs, before the end of the year.'

'In spite of the Hoover moratorium, the extension of certain short-term credits, and budget economies?'

'Certainly. But how are we to find the money? By a domestic loan? Impossible.'

'Why? There is money in Germany.'

'Yes, but it won't come out. The troubles of the Dresden Bank and the Danat Bank have upset people too much. We can't ask money from men who have stood in the rain through several whole days only to have the small windows of the paying tellers shut in their faces. Many of our clients have not returned. They prefer to take a chance on having their money stolen rather than carry it to a bank. What is confidence? Confiding one's money to somebody else. Confidence among Germans, which had already been grievously damaged by the inflation, was killed in the month of July. The foreigner won't give his money to us any more for the same reason and for others as well. Have you read the report of the committee of experts that was set up at the recommendation of the London Conference?' He unfolded his napkin and drew out a pamphlet, pointing his finger at this passage:—

'Two fundamental difficulties exist that must be frankly exposed. The first is the political risk. Until the relations between Germany and the other powers are solidly established upon the basis of political coöperation and mutual confidence, and until the important causes of domestic political difficulties in Germany are eliminated, we cannot be sure of the continued and peaceful economic progress of that country.'

'Do you believe,' continued my interlocutor in an excited voice, 'that political risks were done away with when the Hitlerites abandoned their promise that they would assume power within a month?'

'I believe the Prussian police will prevent them from succeeding.'

'What difference does that make? The elections of September 1930 did n't give Hitler power, but they did cause a lot of foreign money, and German money as well, to flow out of the country. Finally, do you believe that political dangers are diminishing in the eyes of foreigners when not a week passes without an episode on our eastern frontier?'

This was the first time that I had heard a German speak this way. The financial crisis has at least the virtue of making reasonable people see all the movements of nationalist agitation. The Reichsbank men lowered their heads with a resigned air. 'They won't give us any money,' one of them continued.

'But,' I exclaimed, surprised at so much fatalism, 'is n't this going to mean inflation, more and more paper money and a general crash? For I don't suppose you attach any importance to all this nonsense about the devalorization and redistribution of gold, since gold is only a symbol of good management and productive labor. One can't modify a situation fundamentally by sleight of hand.'

'That's true,' agreed one of my companions. 'We must pin our last hope on a miracle like the one that happened to you in 1926.'

'The Poincaré miracle?'

'Yes, a wave of confidence starting at the bottom, winning over the whole country, and finally impressing foreigners. If this does n't happen we shall, as you say, be in for inflation, more paper money, and God knows what else. A bad winter.'

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The editor of the *Europäische Revue* shows why Austria is the Achilles' heel of post-war Europe. He urges Franco-German understanding based on the necessity of Austro-German coöperation.

Austria, Keystone *of* Versailles

By Karl Anton Prince Rohan

Translated from the *Europäische Revue*
Berlin International Monthly

AROUND, behind, and below the great struggle over reparations, disarmament, and peace treaties, another struggle has been in progress for years over Austria, carried on by the nations that are interested in the Central European question and by various groups in Austria as well. If before 1919 it was correct to say that Europe's destiny lay in the Balkans, to-day the same thing can be said of the Danube problem, especially of Austria, which is the kernel of this problem.

Such changes in the European balance of power as before 1919 could occur only in the Balkans are now possible only along the Danube, which has become the fly in the ointment, the breach in the *status quo*. Everyone in Europe knows that the peace treaties created in Austria an artificial situation contrary to reality and economics, a situation that is essentially unstable. Although the Great Powers recognize this fact they relentlessly maintain the *status quo*, but they are suffering from attacks of conscience, not so much in the moral as in the political sense, for they are slowly beginning to recognize that their stubbornness is worse than a crime: it is a mistake. But their change of heart has not yet affected their official policy, although more and more voices are being raised, among both the larger and smaller allied powers, proclaiming the impossible position of Austria.

Austria is the weakest point of the 1919 system. The smallest change it undergoes automatically affects the whole structure of Europe. That is why every occurrence in Austria that seems at all decisive attracts great attention throughout the world. When the *Heimwehr* and the Social Democratic troops clashed in Wiener Neustadt in 1928, the London papers printed extra editions. This was no mere chance but clearly revealed that the weakest point in the European balance of power lies in Austria.

The fight over Austria and the fight in Austria are both concerned with the country's relationship toward Ger-

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many, and the outcome of these struggles will determine the future cultural and political complexion of Central Europe. The fundamental questions affecting any given expanse of territory seldom change, and they do so only at widely separated intervals of history. In spite of the new boundaries that were laid down in the Danube basin after the War, the two fundamental problems of that region have remained unaltered: the relationship between Germany and the smaller nations struggling for independence, and the problem of minorities.

The year 1913 marked the end of a process that began in 1866, when the Austrian Germans separated from the Reich, banded together with the Magyars, and, with aristocratic conviction of their cultural superiority to the Slavs, used the Habsburg monarchy to fight against the contemporary enthusiasm for majority rule and national emancipation. During that period dualism in the form of the Dual Austro-Hungarian Monarchy was the issue. The anti-national Conservatives, the party of the extreme right, paid no attention to the national aspirations of the Germans and Magyars, but thought only in terms of geography. They wanted to federalize the monarchy and place all nations on an equal footing. But they were beaten again and again by the dualists, who believed that dualism was the only way to keep the monarchy alive and the only way to guarantee German cultural leadership in Central Europe. To-day the uniforms of the fighters and the names of the regiments have changed, but not the issues at stake.

Those Austrians who are now pursuing an anti-German policy correspond to the Conservative Federalists of a generation ago. Two tendencies are working in this direction. One of them, led by Foreign Minister Beneš of Czechoslovakia with the support of the French, desires a democratic, republican economic alliance from the Danube basin to the Black Sea. This group is furthering the geographic project that Masaryk devised at the end of the World War to form a ring of nations from the Baltic to the Black Sea bound up with Western Europe and protecting the victorious Allies from their two chief enemies, Germany and Russia.

The second tendency working in the same direction is the Hungarian-Italian tendency, which surreptitiously advocates a return of the Habsburgs. Whereas the former tendency is concerned chiefly with the economic coordination of Central Europe and plans to make use of all kinds of private and public institutions, especially in Vienna, the other tendency advocates reëstablishing the monarchy over a wide territory and is based on the purely legal, philosophic arguments of legitimate succession, plus a Fascist domestic policy and a dualistic, revisionist foreign policy.

Both of these tendencies have attracted supporters among provincial democrats and rural autonomists who dumbly desire independence. Many South Germans, with their instinctive dislike of North German efficiency and their inferiority complex that arises from this dislike, would prefer to remain independent or else to coöperate with nations of inferior culture and civilization rather than work with their German brothers.

THE project to unite Germany and Austria stands in opposition to these two tendencies, but it is not a united movement, either. While national liberals are working simply to unite the German Reich and the Austrian Republic in a centralized pan-German state, overlooking the strategically impossible boundaries and the cata-

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strophic political consequences that such a step would involve, another section of political opinion is seeking to draw Austria closer both to Germany and to her smaller neighbors in Central Europe.

One of the leaders of the Reich reform movement has said: 'Prussia, a strong, centrally organized state, must be the crossbar running from east to west, the territorial backbone of the Reich, which is becoming so loosely organized to the east and southeast that future theorists will find it hard to decide whether its relationships and transactions were based on constitutional or international law.' Central Europe culturally dominated by the German people, economically controlled by Germans, with the German and Austrian economic systems working together, made up of states that are national and political units, all of them trusting Germany, that is the programme that the heirs of the policy of dualism have inherited. Although they have accepted the collapse of the Habsburg Empire they have not neglected the geographical and historical conditions in which every German-Austrian lives.

To sum up. The bourgeois democratic liberals either are pursuing the unhistoric, naïve policy of uniting with Germany or else are inclining to the thesis of an economic Danube federation advocated by Beneš and the French. The forces of Habsburg legitimism and reaction are striving for a union of Austria and Hungary as the first step toward a more extensive restoration policy—and it may be noted in passing that a portion of the French public is being driven by its fear of an Austro-German union to hope that some understanding may be reached with Italy on this matter. Even Beneš, who used to say that either a union between Germany and Austria or a restoration of the Habsburgs would mean war, now says that only a union of Germany and Austria would mean war. The Austrian Social Democrats, because of their long, irresponsible career as an opposition, have lost all touch with any realistic foreign policy and are so wrapped up in the domestic problem of democracy versus Fascism that they seem to have forgotten the interests of the nation. Yet, in spite of all these struggles, only a relatively small number of people are concerned with Austria's actual foreign policy.

From a practical point of view, only two alternatives exist: to orient Austria either toward both Germany and Central Europe or toward Central Europe alone. Here purely domestic considerations play the determining rôle. Hungary and Italy have shown as much sympathy for a stronger Austrian foreign policy carried out along Fascist lines as Prague and Paris have shown for democratic efforts. German policy in Austria and, indeed, in all Central Europe, is so poisoned by republicanism that it is encouraging the hopeless, superficial, and doomed policy of national liberalism instead of the more realistic policy of linking Austria with Central Europe, even though such a policy might not perhaps be realized until the distant future. The result is that the popular, anti-liberal nationalism of the right wing to which most young students subscribe supports the national opposition in Germany and is also inclined toward Italy and Hungary, not recognizing that this way necessarily leads to an anti-German or Utopian solution.

The Utopian ideas of the nationalistic Austrian Fascists may be summarized as follows: 'We will have nothing to do with a democratic Germany. We prefer Hungary and Italy, since they will renew our nation. In this way we shall strengthen the national opposition in Germany from abroad and then we shall unite with a Hugenberg-Hitler

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government, forming a German-Italian alliance against France and tearing up the peace treaties.'

In the period of the stagecoach such ideas might have been possible, but in the machine age they are Utopian. Italy knows that such developments might strengthen her in relation to France, but she would never agree to follow such a catastrophic course to the end, as was proved by Grandi's remarks on the naval question and Mussolini's most recent announcements. If such a line were followed probably only an Austro-Hungarian combination could be created, and a German-Central-European solution would be eliminated. The transposition of domestic political arguments into the field of foreign policy that some so-called 'nationalist' Austrians have been guilty of is very much like the refusal of the Austrian Social Democrats to unite with Hindenburg's Germany on the ground that *Anschluss* is possible only in the event of a Socialist world revolution.

UP to now official Austrian foreign policy has proceeded quietly through this thicket of thesis and antithesis. Whether it will be able to continue to do so, whether it will still be able to shun great decisions, will be revealed as the foreign and domestic struggles in regard to Austria continue. Austrian foreign policy, conscious on the one hand of its weakness and on the other of the impossibility of building up a strong Central Europe without Austria, has cultivated as good relations as possible with all its neighbors. Seipel's reply to Marinkovič, the Yugoslavian foreign minister who invited Austria in the name of the Little Entente to undertake more economic coöperation, constituted the first step toward a German–Central-European policy rather than a Central-European–Austrian foreign policy. Seipel's now famous formula runs as follows: 'No combination without, every combination with Germany.'

The second step in this direction was the attempted Austro-German tariff union. For many months we have proclaimed the necessity for such a policy and believed ourselves justified in assuming that the post-war period had learned enough about international negotiations to find the right way of making such a step. Moreover, we believed that a tariff union should be adapted to the sound desire on the part of southeastern Europe for an agricultural bloc that should be a real part of the above-described German–Central-European policy.

The Austro-German customs union brought the economic problems of Central Europe to the fore, and we must assume that as soon as the pressing financial problems are solved the industrial problem will be tackled, which is to make Austria and Germany into an industrial unit and southeastern Europe into an agricultural unit, and that on this basis European policy will then be built. It will then appear that Austro-German policy, in spite of its unfortunate false start and false ideological foundation, is really not a bad policy. No amount of diplomatic hostility or national ambition can escape the fundamental fact that Austro-German industry is the natural purchaser of the agricultural output of Eastern Europe. The Austro-German unemployment problem can be solved only by building up a big consuming market in Eastern Europe, and only France can finance this project. That Franco-German understanding is the first necessity for a healthy Central Europe we have repeated again and again until our readers must be weary of hearing us.

The struggle for this realistic German–Central-European orientation of Austria

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and the struggle for a German–Central-European solution of the Danube problem is also the struggle for a peaceful Europe built on Franco-German coöperation. Nor do we need to add that Italian and Hungarian desires for treaty revision would also profit, and that Austria, Germany, and, indeed, all Germans anywhere who are eager for a national revival and for the construction of a truly German democracy are bound to Hungary and Italy by a body of common opinion.

Even this brief survey must convey the idea that the Anglo-Saxon world is not interested in Central Europe, provided, of course, world peace is not threatened and the superiority of France is not increased. Therefore we are presented with dreary evidence of the disastrous heritage Brockdorff-Rantzau bequeathed to German foreign policy. His idea of tearing up the Versailles Treaty with the help of Russia was a typical Prussian conception. Brockdorff-Rantzau's policy irritated the Anglo-Saxons, poisoned the relations between Germany and Poland, and thus endangered Franco-German coöperation. If a statesman with a pan-German and Central European perspective had proceeded cautiously, he would have been able to get results with Austria—which is something that Brockdorff-Rantzau's Russo-German policy never achieved. Any national Austrian foreign policy must rest unreservedly on the German–Central-European solution as its ultimate foundation. If the national conception of the Reich is to be realized in this century, it demands of us a thoroughly nationalist Central-European–European policy.

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Persons and Personages

D'Annunzio at Home

From the *Times*, London Conservative Daily

THE WAY to the Vittoriale—the home of Gabriele D'Annunzio—starts from the middle of Gardone Riviera. One cannot mistake it. A tablet set in the wall bears the inscription, 'To the Vittoriale.' Under it there is one of those black, ineffaceable portraits of the Duce—round head, square chin, fierce, inquisitive eyes—one sees almost at every corner in the cities and villages of Italy. The road winds up the mountainside between hotels, *pensions*, and villas. It is a splendid motor road flanked by exotic trees, laurels, and hedgerows in bloom. After a while, turning an eye on the lake, one is struck by the grandeur and beauty of the panorama. Garda, solemn here in all its amplitude, is as blue as the sky. Tall and slender cypresses, thick olive groves, cedar, orange, and lemon trees give to its shores all the gradations of green. There is the white castle of Prince Borghese on the tiny island, emerging from the waters like a pearl; farther on, the grottoes of Catullus; opposite,—quiet, silent, and conventual,—San Vigilio, so dear to English visitors. The enchanting landscape is enclosed in the distance by the massive, snow-clad Baldo.

As the road ascends it gradually leaves behind and below the cosmopolitan elegance of Gardone Riviera. The fine hotels and lively-colored villas now give place to open fields and barns. Exotic plants become rare. In the air one smells the fragrance of hay and blossoming robinias. A bridge, the gentle murmur of a hidden waterfall, and then Gardone-di-Sopra, nestling in leafage, with all its quaint rusticity and sylvan loveliness: steep, narrow streets, breaking up in steps; low stone houses with long carnations falling from old, decayed, wooden balconies; a cobbler beating his small hammer at the threshold of his open cottage; a chaffinch chirping in a cage hung outside—quite an Italian sight. The first, perhaps the only, shop one finds in the village is very small but sells everything: stuffs and sausages, toys and cheese, shoes and vegetables. The candid owner, quite unconscious of any possible malicious reference, had a board put up on his miniature Babylonian store with the inscription, '*Alla Babilonia*.' In the alley, to the right, there is an inn with the not less innocent signboard, 'To the Angels,' swinging outside. Just a few steps farther lives Gabriele D'Annunzio.

The entrance to the Vittoriale, of which the poet made a gift to the Italian people on December 22, 1923, is divided in two archways in Veronese red and white stone, surmounted by strangely shaped columns that have almost the appearance of torpedo tubes; the columns are joined together by an iron chain, from the middle of which hangs a Franciscan bell. Between the two archways is a niche destined to receive a statue of

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Neptune, and above the niche one sees the arms the poet designed for himself when, on March 15, 1924, while Italy was celebrating the annexation of Fiume, the King made him Prince of Montenevoso—two cornucopias embracing a war helmet standing as canopy over an unsheathed dagger. A *carabiniere* mounts guard day and night.

The interior is closed to all except the intimate friends of the poet. Its mysteries, however, have been revealed more than once. No ancient or modern palace, no castle, no convent, in any country or in any time, ever had such an interior. It was planned and ordered by a poet and a warrior, and it might be described as a temple of beauty and faith. Every corner of the house, every path of the gardens tells the story of the life and aspirations of the dreamer and fighter. The inner door that leads to the *prioria*—that is, the residential quarter—bears the inscription: 'Let the Spirit of Victory give peace to this house of a brave man.' A column, a present from the city of Assisi, divides the mystical from the profane quarters. The rooms, or, to use the language of the place, the 'cells,' are all named after some great artist or idealist. The study—D'Annunzio calls it the 'Factory of the Worker in Words'—is on the second floor, and its doorway is so low that one must stoop to enter it. 'This,' says the poet, 'is a sort of homage that ought to be paid to the beauty of what in the factory was, and is, being created.' The most original cell of the Vittoriale is the one D'Annunzio has prepared for his dying hour. Called the 'Cell of the Pure Images,' it contains a coffer with eight symbolic panels, a few chairs, some small bookshelves, and a bedstead in the shape of a bier. There the poet wishes to be laid when the end is near.

To enter the gardens one passes beneath an architrave bearing the motto, '*Rosam cape, spinam cave.*' Under the shade of a tall beech tree are collected stones taken from all the mountains where the Italians fought their most bloody battles during the War. In the centre of a grove of magnolias is the *arengo*, a name given, in the Middle Ages, to the square where the people of the commune used to meet, but here to an open space reserved for the ceremonies of the oath and other patriotic manifestations. Behind stone seats are twenty-seven columns commemorating the twenty-seven battles, all in white marble except the column of Caporetto, which is in black. The grounds are crossed by a stream, to which the poet has given the Franciscan name of 'Riotorto.' Of the three bridges thrown over it the one called the 'Bridge of Wishes' is adorned with long deer antlers, which, according to superstition, have the virtue of conjuration. Passing over this bridge the visitor must wish for something and, at the same time, hand D'Annunzio a coin. The poet drops it in a cleft in the ground and assures his guest that he will have what he has wished for. Beyond the 'Bridge of the Hares' one ascends to an open space, where a portion of the battle-cruiser *Puglia*, recalling a Dalmatian episode, is planted in the ground. This piece of the warship is about fifty yards long and includes the bridge and two guns, which D'Annunzio fires on all great occasions. An Italian sailor mounts guard. Higher up, on a slope covered with olive trees,

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are the tombs of Fiume volunteers and other heroes; there, too, is the 'Grande sacrario della vita e della morte,' where the poet has prepared his own tomb.

In this strange house, surrounded by this strange garden, one meets everywhere souvenirs of the War and of the Fiume episode. On a sail yard as on a column stands the Madonna of the Sceptre of Dalmatia; the ceiling of the *cenacolo* (dining room) is formed by the great gonfalon of the Regency of Fiume bearing the motto: '*Quis contra nos?*' With similar war emblems are mingled symbols of religious peace: little monuments of Saint Francis, pictures of Jesus, images of angels and saints, together with Indian and Chinese idols and artistic objects of all kinds. Statues of Venus alternate with statues of the Madonna. Latin or Italian mottoes are everywhere. On the stairs at every turn one reads in gold the words, '*Ave, cave, pave*,'—a greeting, a warning, and an intimidation. Books in thousands adorn every room, all well ordered and well bound. The furniture is of most original style. Here and there are ancient amphoræ, xylographs, counterdrawings, Bokhara carpets, Murano glass. A brick from the floor of the apartment once inhabited by Isabella d'Este in the Ducal Palace of Mantua seems to command the same devotion as a Franciscan relic of Assisi. All that is sensual and spiritual, pagan and Christian, mediæval and futurist, saintly and warlike, is mingled in this extraordinary home, at once humble and superb.

Even more extraordinary is the magnificent energy the poet displays in it despite his sixty-eight years. His retinue is large: architects, artists, musicians, and goldsmiths, who all work for him within the walls of the Vittoriale. Intimate friends, men and women, are often his guests. He himself seldom goes out: when he does he wears the uniform of an air general, without a hat. All still call him the Commander, as in Fiume. He descends to the shore of the lake, where in a boathouse surmounted by a mediæval tower is his *Mas*, or submarine chaser, the very vessel in which he went to torpedo in the port of Buccari some Austrian ships in February 1918, leaving a scornful address sealed in three bottles. As a rule he passes long months without setting foot outside the Vittoriale, where he will work for twenty consecutive hours in his study without food or sleep.

THE poet is now occupied with the editing of his works. For the first time in history a government has given to a living writer that official recognition which generally is granted only to the illustrious dead. On June 21, 1926, the National Institute for the Publication of All the Works of Gabriele d'Annunzio, under the patronage of his Majesty the King of Italy, was definitely set up. The poet prepared a scheme of his writings, eighty in number. He divided them into four series: (1) poems of love and glory; (2) prose novels; (3) tragedies, mysteries, and dreams; (4) writings of research, fighting, command, conquest, torment, divination, renovation, celebration, vindication, liberation. Every volume was to be of 300 pages.

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The edition of 2,500 copies, printed on handmade tissue paper from Fabriano, bears in the filigree, closed in a circle, the motto of the poet: '*Io ho quello che ho donato* (I have what I have given).' Besides there were to be 209 copies stamped on imperial paper of Japan by hand press and numbered in Arabian numerals, and six volumes of certain chosen works stamped by hand press on genuine parchment, marked with Roman numbers.

Of the eighty writings of the National Edition, about twenty are still unpublished, and among them are works the author composed years ago, which, for various reasons, were never given out, and other works at which he is still working with youthful freshness. In the scheme of the unpublished works figure three new volumes of the *Laudi;* one volume of fragments entitled *Chartarum Limbus Infantum;* two new novels; *Buonarroti* (a Michelangelian subject), written in 1926; and *Torrentilla*, the 'Novel of the White Cypress.' Under the title, *Aspects of the Unknown*, will appear works of which only *Leda without the Swan* is known. The other works are *Violante of the Beautiful Voice*, *The Wax Figure*, *Nudity*, and *The Third Place*. The first two works were completed before the War, the third in 1927, and the last between 1916 and 1918. Among the dramas, two of the 'Dreams of the Seasons' series are unpublished: the *Dream of a Summer Noon* (1899), and the *Dream of a Winter's Night* (1890). New are *The Virgin and the City*, inspired by Catherine of Siena, *The Lipless Smile*, and *Amaranta*, or *The Love of To-morrow*. There will, finally, be an autobiography entitled *The Life of Gabriele d'Annunzio, Master of All Arts and of All Trades*.

The *opera omnia*, when finished by the end of 1932, will consist of forty or forty-two volumes. Of these twenty-five have already appeared, while the two novels, *Il Fuoco* and *Le Vergini delle Rocce*, are expected shortly. Naturally no isolated copies can be obtained; the series (already disposed of) costs 6,000 lire; a series of the 209 copies costs 18,000 lire; every volume of the six in parchment 9,000 lire. The Government has advanced 6,000,000 lire for the National Edition.

The poet is very particular about the accuracy of his *opera omnia*. He always wants to see three proofs before giving his imprimatur, and the imprimatur is often accompanied by notes or sentences that reveal his feelings at the moment. At the foot of a proof of the novel *Forse che sì forse che no* one reads, in his own handwriting: 'Imprimatur, Gabriele D'Annunzio, enthusiastic of himself, night of September 18, 1927.' At the foot of another proof one reads:—

> It is 6 o'clock in the morning. The cock crows not to the dawn but to my joy. Yet my pride is perturbed by a feeling of sadness. I thought I could surpass this stupendous prose in my future books. Perhaps this is an illusion!

D'Annunzio is introducing many variations and corrections in the works already published. His love for the purity of the language is such that he is never satisfied with his words and spends days and weeks making

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sure even of the slightest details. Once there was a long discussion between himself and Signor Angelo Sodini (the author of the exhaustive biography of the poet, *Armed Ariel*, who helps him in the hard work of editing the *opera omnia*) about the accent of the word '*consólo*.' D'Annunzio thought it should have been grave while Sodini insisted on the acute. The last telegram, after innumerable consultations of dictionaries and classical authorities, ran like this: 'I surrender myself to your detailed observations and accept the acute accent. I embrace you.—D'Annunzio.'

More than once has Gabriele D'Annunzio motored from Gardone to Verona to see how the edition is proceeding. It is well that such an edition should be produced in a city like Verona and that the Bodoni works should be situated almost under the trees of Villa Giusti.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria

From the *Observer*, London Independent Sunday Paper

A JUST VERDICT for the much-debated personality of a former monarch is urged by an important publication, *Ferdinand of Bulgaria*, based on hitherto unpublished German Foreign Office archives and Prussian state documents by Hans Roger Madol, already known abroad as a competent historian.

Always the creature of violent contrasts, the enormously wealthy monarch, who was obliged to leave his fortune in the Bank of England at the beginning of the War so as not to arouse suspicions of his neutrality, is now more or less dependent upon subsidies from the German Government, which are bitterly resented by the Social Democratic Party. He maintains a feudal establishment at the villa in Coburg which is now looked upon with the greatest suspicion by republicans, yet nothing delighted him more at the outbreak of the German revolution than the deputation of the soldiers' council who said they only called on him to tell him that he had a reputation of being a humane monarch and would not be molested.

Very proud of this, he told a visitor that 'he had never been liked by his colleagues.' He explained this as due to his propensity for prophesying revolutions. He refers to-day to the time when the ex-Kaiser forbade him to give a lecture on his ornithological studies as being detrimental to his royal status. 'He disliked anybody's knowing more than himself' is still Ferdinand's comment upon the veto.

Of mediæval magnificence, with the tastes of a Renaissance prince, he adored ceremonial and delighted in carrying loose gems of great value in his pockets to gaze at when a desire for beauty overcame him. These jewels have all been sold. A dabbler in occultism and cabalistic practices, he was up-to-date enough to love machinery. When the unfortunate Bavarian engine driver who let him take his place in the cabin of a German express was severely reprimanded by the German railway authorities, he took him to Sofia as instructor of his railway men. The Orient express of to-day

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exists because of his desire to link his capital with civilized Europe, yet when the War ended he was obliged to spend a night in a siding on his way to his Hungarian castle, because Austria felt him to be a danger. The Coburg villa was the result. To-day, over seventy, he still collects rare birds, plants, and butterflies with the zest of a boy.

If at the present moment prejudices still supervene, Herr Madol is able to quote many illustrious contemporaries who have seen Ferdinand as posterity is likely to see him:—

> Even Paléologue reports he once said to Ferdinand that during the twenty-one years he had been on the throne he had done excellent work, and that, when one considered the state of misery and anarchy in Bulgaria when he arrived, it was difficult to reconcile it with the present prosperity. The former Belgian ambassador in Sofia, Van der Heyde, said that history would balance his talents against his weaknesses. Bismarck said of him that he was more able than most royalties. Von Bülow, in his *Memoirs*, writes that, like many members of the house of Coburg, he has great mental gifts and is of the stuff of which successful rulers are made, superior to most of his contemporary monarchs in flexibility, freedom, and sensitiveness of spirit. All the German writers of the wartime period speak of him in the same manner, and republicans like Stresemann and Erzberger are filled with admiration for the creator of the new Bulgaria.

Though Paléologue thinks him a 'diabolical Machiavelli,' Herr Madol believes himself able to refute most of the remarks this ambassador attributes to Ferdinand, and he is at pains to show that the implications made in the biography of Lord Carnock are not borne out by facts as he knows them. The documents to which he has had access present an intensely interesting picture of Ferdinand's struggles to remain neutral at the beginning of the Great War, and show how the history of war on that front might have been different had the Allies guaranteed him the return of Macedonia, for which Bulgaria had fought and bled, instead of promising him things on behalf of Serbia to which he knew a victorious Serbia would never consent.

The picture at the end of the War of the man, already middle-aged, who embraced his son Boris tenderly on his abdication, saying: 'I am your subject, but I am Your Majesty's father!' is counterbalanced by the spirited account of a passage of arms between Ferdinand and the peasant leader, Stambuliski, in 1915 before Bulgaria's entry into the War. Stambuliski had declared that the people would not go to war, but make a revolution instead. King Ferdinand said that he believed he could save the country by his policy:—

> STAMBULISKI: That remains to be seen.
>
> FERDINAND (*referring to irregularities said to have occurred in Stambuliski's own grain transaction*): Your way of serving your country is open to interrogation.
>
> STAMBULISKI: Oh, your Majesty is trying to insult me, but you are doing it at a moment when you need all our help. You are going your own way. I shall go mine.
>
> FERDINAND: I am doing it because I think I can serve Bulgaria best by so doing.
>
> STAMBULISKI: Mine led to no false hopes. Yours may cost you your head.
>
> FERDINAND: Don't you worry about my head. I am old. Think of your own. You are young!

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Paul Valéry

By Edouard Krakowski

Translated from *Le Figaro*, Paris Conservative Daily

FOR A LONG TIME an ill-informed public considered Paul Valéry a 'symbolist' poet. This vague epithet used to cover an ill-assorted group. Symbolism was supposed to include Verlaine and Mallarmé, Rimbaud and Laforgue, Maeterlinck and Moréas, Henri de Régnier and Viélé-Griffin. Finally people perceived that there were more original talents and more singular forms in this new school than in preceding schools. Some members of it therefore revolted against the domination that had been imposed on them. Romantic, naturalistic, humanistic, and unanimistic schools were founded, and finally some individuals isolated themselves in a truly personal glory apart from any school. Paul Valéry is of this number.

As has often been remarked, Paul Valéry is both an artist and a philosopher. His scruples in respect to form are equaled by his scruples in respect to thought, and both explain and control each other reciprocally. For in Valéry's rare personality and sure unity of style the reader always is somewhat surprised to notice his expressive diversity. A poet of subtlety and harmony, he wants each line to possess the same perfection that the whole poem possesses. Nor does he abandon his poetic scruples when he writes prose. Valéry's criticism reveals the same search for the right word and for the polished phrase that is found in his poetry. To him these verbal methods transpose rather than express a naturally fine, shrewd thought. He catches every detail, every nuance of the inner life. He does not assemble so many details that he loses a general view, yet he knows how to bring in those aspects that are needed to illustrate his point.

It is through this characteristic that Valéry has been able to restore philosophic literature to a place of honor in our day. Since his youth Paul Valéry has been both poet and essayist, since the time he wrote *Narcisse* and his comments on the 'Method of Leonardo da Vinci.' But it was not until the War ended that the poet and essayist attained the full glory that was his due. It was a late glory, but it has enabled Paul Valéry to carry his lofty, exquisite work to its conclusion without worrying about petty matters. Since the poetic element in him is dominant, one is tempted to define his work as philosophic poetry. But there are many kinds of philosophic poetry, and what these words generally evoke is poetry like that of Byron or Lamartine, in which philosophic thought is achieved only by lyrical luck. Obviously this is not the case with Valéry, whose work is clearly premeditated, ripely thought out, and often seems to be developed with the rigor of a geometric theorem. The whole thing can be explained if we remember that Valéry's art is fortified by a training in mathematics most exceptional in any writer. One of the singular qualities of this rare poet is that we hear in his inspiration the duet of two rarely combined Muses, the lyrical and the mathematical.

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But it is of the essayist rather than of the poet that I shall speak, perhaps because almost everything that can be said about the poet has already been expressed. Moreover, it is difficult in discussing a poet to separate his form from his content. Or perhaps I should say that form and content become one when the poet attains that intuitive condition in which he is able to articulate his thought. Nor shall I analyze the double miracle of Valéry's pure, supple syntax and the indefinite nuances of sentiments that always adapt themselves to his logical scheme. This difficult task has been accomplished by M. Albert Thibaudet in a study of Paul Valéry that everyone interested in æsthetics should read. As a prose writer, too, Valéry exhibits the same gifts and the same technical refinements, but I shall feel more at my ease if I simply follow his ideas without dwelling on the rare form in which they are expressed.

TWO books contain Valéry's philosophic thought. One is a youthful work recently republished entitled *Monsieur Teste*, and the other is two volumes of *Variétés*.

In the preface written for the second English translation of *Monsieur Teste*, Valéry presents his character as an intellectual who has made up his mind to understand everything in order to dominate it. He is the same type that is described in psychological manuals as a 'voluntarist.' M. Teste represents an early stage of Valéry's thought, which later became more subtle and comprehensive. It is the stage when he was a mathematician judging the confused, varied world, eagerly attempting to find a precise definition for himself. To an intellectual dilettante this was a painful effort, but it seemed to contain its own recompense. The early contemporary efforts of Maurice Barrès revealed a rather similar streak of egotism. 'I preferred myself,' said M. Teste. 'What they call a superior person is a self-deceived person. For us to be astonished at him we have to see him, and in order to be seen a man must show himself. Every powerful spirit begins by making the mistake that makes himself known. In return for the favor of public support he gives whatever time is necessary to become perceptible, dissipating his energy transmitting himself and preparing others to gain satisfaction from him.' For this reason M. Teste seems rather mediocre to us, the public. He is a man of forty, more or less occupied with business, who frequents a banal café. But M. Teste has an intense interior life of his own animated by his desire to experience every emotion simply for the pleasure of analyzing it. He regards every event simply as material for meditation.

M. Teste's various emotions therefore destroy each other, the weaker always being devoured by the stronger, that is to say, by the more satisfying, in so far as the intelligence is concerned. He makes a hierarchy within his ego, following the dictates of his own reasonable will power, changing and altering his ego as he pleases, substituting intellectual machinery for the spontaneities of life as if he were an artistic mechanic. I said that M.

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Teste reminded me of Maurice Barrès, but in reality Barrès took more pleasure in the play of the emotions than in the play of the mind. M. Teste, who despises any emotional life, since it leads to disorder, is much closer to Descartes. Like the great metaphysician of mathematics, he dreams of re-creating through the intelligence this world where our experience stumbles in obscurities and contradiction. He would like to have all the scattered forms of reality, all the vague aspirations of the heart, reduced to a few harmonious combinations of space and motion such as geometry could express.

Mme. Teste—for M. Teste made the mistake of marrying—confides these restless yearnings to a spiritual director, Abbé Mouson, who, like a good Christian, is scandalized and alarmed. The priest says that M. Teste is a monster of isolation and singular knowledge. 'He yields to the greatest sin that æsthetic morals condemn, that of pride.' But perhaps the abbé also hopes that the relentless egotism to which M. Teste is condemned by his mathematical morality will lead him to good by preserving him from evil. Perhaps some day, in that desert created by artifice, a well of life will burst forth as a revenge of nature.

This is youthful amusement, but its echoes continue in *Narcisse* and the *Jeune Parque*. Paul Valéry had to know and grow accustomed to this inhuman intellectualism so that when he finally escaped from it he could preserve its severe discipline. In order to understand Valéry's philosophic evolution let us plunge into *Variétés* and read over his fragment on Descartes.

'The monument to Descartes is his *Discourse*, which, like everything that is exactly written, is almost incorruptible. A proud and familiar language, not lacking either pride or modesty, expresses the essential acts of will and the attitudes common to all reflective men in such a keen and remarkable way that the result is less a masterpiece of resemblance or probability than a real presence that feeds on ours.' This fine eulogy will endure, like 'everything that is exactly written.' But does it imply adherence to the doctrines of Descartes, which were not pure intellectualism but which often tried to be? 'Descartes,' Valéry says again, 'locks himself up with the whole of his attention and does everything he possibly can to make himself doubt his own existence, even while he is describing his life. The same man who traveled all over the world and went to war as an amateur, suddenly returned to his own person and his own flesh and made the whole system of his own references and our usual certainties seem merely relative matter. He transformed himself into something else just as a sleeper is altered by the sudden movement that issues from his dream, that transcends the dream and transforms it as a dream. He sets in opposition the being and the man. But to become aware again of the being that exists in the man and to distinguish the two so completely, to look for a certainty of higher degree by a kind of extraordinary procedure, these are the first signs of a philosophy.'

It is right here that Valéry stops, and this halt will explain to us the

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intention of his book of essays. He is now going to explain to us the philosophic position of the man who denies philosophy. 'But I,' says Valéry, 'find myself in philosophy like a barbarian in Athens who is well aware that he is surrounded by precious objects worthy of respect, but who at bottom is troubled. He feels boredom, irritation, and a vague sense of veneration mingled with a superstitious fear. He suffers from a brutal desire to break everything or to set fire to all those mysterious marvels whose prototypes do not exist in his soul. I am almost insensitive to the music of the philosophers.'

EVEN allowing for some irony, this negative definition by Valéry of his own philosophy is not without justice. In his singularity as a thinker and even in his poetic lyricism, there is something frozen and hostile. One imagines that in his youth he must have undergone the influence of Max Stirner. But his persistent, unsystematic egotism enables Valéry, the critic, to penetrate with powerful sympathy anyone to whom he feels attached. Reread the incomparable study on 'Persian Letters,' in which he examines a certain work from every aspect with the precision of a jeweler studying a gem and succeeds in bringing to life the society of the eighteenth century down to the subtlest aspects of its social, worldly, and physical philosophy. Indeed, all the essays in *Variétés* should be mentioned and even analyzed. The one on Stendhal is well thought out, noble, exact, but the 'Situation de Baudelaire' is perhaps the most philosophic in the collection. The question of romanticism as opposed to classicism could not be more clearly defined nor could the genius of Edgar Allan Poe be more clearly revealed as less an inspiration than something fraternal. Perhaps the greatest French poet of the nineteenth century is here accurately criticized.

Intentionally, I come last to the introduction to his 'Method of Leonardo da Vinci.' This essay, which was almost ignored when it first appeared, contains more than one passage that is applicable to Valéry himself. 'I see Leonardo da Vinci,' he writes, 'getting to the bottom of that machinery which he called the paradise of sciences with the same natural power that he put into depicting pure and famous faces. And the same luminous extensiveness, filled with gentle, possible beings, is the bond that binds all his actions together. For him there are no different passions: on the last page of the same notebook that is covered with his secret writing and with his adventurous calculations on aviation, his favorite subject of research, he exclaims,—fulminating at his imperfect labors, illuminating his patience and the obstacles he has faced with a supreme spiritual view, an obstinate certainty,—"The great bird will take its first flight mounted on a great swan, filling the universe with stupor, filling all scriptures with its glory in eternal praise of the nest where it was born."'

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The most widely traveled of all German correspondents summarizes his experiences in India, where he has traveled far and wide. He finds Hinduism the outstanding obstacle to national unity.

The Paradox *of* INDIA

By COLIN ROSS

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*
Budapest German-Language Daily

BRAHMANISM is one of the most spiritual of all religions. In its original form it recognized no personal Godhead but merely the conception of the Brahma, the World Soul, the divine Oneness. Unlike believers in other religions, the devout Brahman who possesses the Brahma is not a mere part of the Godhead, but is himself the World Soul in its highest form, since the divine World Soul is contained complete in its smallest parts. He is God.

In its highest form such a highly spiritual and subtle religion can be the property of a few people only. This explains why the caste system developed, in which each caste, depending on its spiritual maturity, was accorded its measure of divine recognition and truth by the guardians of truth, the Brahmans, who were naturally aided in their task by many different races and race prejudices. The lowest orders partake so little of divinity that they have no caste at all, and the Pariahs are not allowed to join in divine worship. They are not permitted to enter a temple but can only look through a tiny peephole in the outermost wall through which they can see the courtyard but not the shrine itself. Furthermore, these conditions still exist in the twentieth century under English rule.

It is easy to understand how such proud jealousy for divine truth has radically altered the nature of Brahmanism for most of its followers, changing it from the most spiritual religion into the most materialistic religion. A faith based on a highly spiritual conception of God has been transformed into a faith replete with gods and demons of the most dreadful kind.

But, though one can see why Brahmanism with all its dazzling aspects has appealed to so many different nations and classes in spite of all the changes time has brought, it is none the less incomprehensible why the mass of the people has still retained faith in a religion dominated by a small priesthood that oppresses it, not only religiously but in political and economic ways, to a degree that simply astounds any Euro-

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pean. Islam and Christianity offer to their converts freedom from the chains and shackles of the caste system, yet Islam has converted only one-fifth of the Indian population and the Christian missions have won over a far lesser number. And political agitation among the Pariahs has made no progress in spite of all the efforts of the English in this direction. The truth is that we are confronted with a secret of the Asiatic soul which we cannot solve and with which we must compromise somehow. But it is most important, with India in its present turbulent condition, to measure the country by its own standards and to renounce the standards of Europe.

The influence and significance of Gandhi and of the whole nationalist movement must not be underestimated, but it is equally dangerous to overestimate it and to forget that it plays a comparatively small rôle in comparison with religious factors. When Gandhi, the nationalist hero, was imprisoned, demonstrations occurred in Bombay and Calcutta, but the mass of the population remained indifferent. On the other hand, if the Anglo-Indian Government were to make any effort to speed up traffic in modern cities like Calcutta or Bombay by forbidding the holy cows to roam at their pleasure, the whole Hindu population would rise in flaming revolution.

SHORTLY after I came to India I had two experiences that made me realize the tremendous importance of religious ideas to the Hindus. First, I witnessed a nighttime religious celebration in Madura, and afterward I saw the sun rise over the Ganges in the holy city of Benares.

When I arrived at Madura it was night. Lights were shining at regular intervals from the tops of the great pyramidal *gopurams*, or temple gateways, which are covered with tiers of grotesque statues of gods and demons. The temple was lit by electricity, but in spite of all the bulbs a mystic twilight filled its huge courts, halls, and archways. The light could not prevail against the darkness. It seemed to cringe back upon itself, not penetrating far beyond the many little points that gleamed anxiously in the immense gloom. The ivory bodies of the idols threw gigantic shadows, and in their presence the poor little electric-light bulbs imported from Europe were quite forgotten. What did Europe amount to here, anyway? Europe was a remote reality. Here was Asia and Asia only. Everything to do with Europe and its civilization was obscured in the shadows that the lewd, gruesome idols cast on the temple floor.

These gods were alive, just as the whole temple was alive. This great temple of Madura, the largest seat of any religious cult in the world, was a single, mighty, overwhelming reality. Here was India. The temple, the hall, the courtyards, the pools were filled with a huge crowd. Men, women, and children prostrated themselves, bowed down, and swayed in the presence of a strange, terrible Godhead. Naked priests with streaks of white painted on their brown faces stood before the sacrificial fires and threw offerings into the flames.

I was the only white man in the temple, perhaps in the whole city. I lurked in the shadows, but my curiosity kept driving me onward. Finally I was stopped at the door of the holy of holies by guardians whose favor I had bribed earlier in the day. Here within this holy ground stood the image of Kali, the bloodthirsty goddess whose gory hands hold a butcher's knife wet with the blood of a freshly severed head. It was to this divinity that all the thousands of soft brown people who filled the temple were praying.

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As I stood at the door trying to look into the holy of holies the crowd assumed a threatening attitude and I quickly retreated into the courtyard, where money changers like those Christ drove from the temple were sitting. Music sounded at the entrance—bells, drums, and flutes. Bright lights shone from huge acetylene lamps that porters carried on their heads as they surrounded an automobile in which a bridal couple were seated. The bride was still a child, for the law forbidding child marriage had not yet gone into effect. In the interval remaining a big business was being done in weddings.

Dancing girls who had been sold to the temple as children were gathering in the courtyard. The music rose and fell. The light was drowned in the shadows. Crowds came and went, cowering in rows on the ground, beating their faces on the flagstones. Holy cows trotted among them, and the worshipers picked up their dung, for it is holy and healing.

The crowd in the temple included men and women who had been educated in European schools or who had studied in Europe, but they were praying to the ancient, bloody goddess, for Kali is stronger. Indeed, a highly intelligent Hindu politician once said that the first thing the Indians would do when they had thrown the English out of India would be to permit once again the burning of widows.

In Calcutta, Bombay, Peshawar, and Poona, the Indians are struggling to throw the foreigner out of the country. Their best men are being imprisoned, and others are casting themselves in front of armored cars and railway trains that bring military reinforcements. Are they doing this for the sake of India's freedom or are they sacrificing themselves to the old, bloody gods, whose power is still as strong as ever?

After passing through endless passageways and courtyards I finally got into the open. The open? No, for the shadow of the vast temple lay over the whole city. As I was walking away I met a procession of musicians with a naked, wild, bearded man dancing in front of them. He was a saint who bounded and jumped and whirled about in a wild ecstasy. In his hand he brandished a small, pointed metal rod. He would stand still for a minute and press the rod against his eyelid, forcing his whole eyeball to pop out like an enormous ripe fruit.

THE visit to the temple in Madura was one of my first experiences in India. Then I knew but few Indians and was not personally acquainted with a single priest or believer, so that all I saw seemed indescribably strange to me. The people who humbled themselves in such gruesome ways before gruesome gods were indeed human beings, but they seemed like strange creatures, members of some wild tribe that would be capable of anything.

By the time I came to Benares I knew many Indians personally, people like ourselves, clever, educated men and women who seemed just like Europeans, who were graduates of schools and universities, many of them in Europe, and who were as familiar with European literature and European art and politics as we ourselves. To find such people as these among the dirty pilgrims of Benares and to see them bowing down to incomprehensible, horrible idols like Kali was an amazing, shattering experience, but my amazement increased when I arrived at the holy River Ganges. The spectacle of the ritualistic ablutions in this holy stream has been described often enough, but no matter how often one reads about it, no matter how many pictures or movies one may have seen, it is an unforgettable experience when one witnesses it with one's own eyes.

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The Ganges, whose yellow waters whirl by Benares, becomes at this point a wider river than the Danube, and it is filled with all kinds of filth and uncleanliness. Thousands bathe in it every morning, and when the pilgrim festivals are occurring, hundreds of thousands. They crowd together so thickly on the flat banks that the pressing multitude conceals the water. All the filth of a big city is thrown into the stream. Bodies of animals and sewage are dumped here. Every day human corpses are burned on the banks, not only the bodies of those who have lived in Benares but also the bodies of old and diseased people who came to the holy city to die. For there is no surer guarantee of painlessly entering the salvation-giving nothingness of Nirvana than to have one's dead body burned on the banks of the holy river and to have one's ashes thrown on its waters.

But the members of the lower castes, which are alone entitled to cremate corpses on the Ganges, do not always have time to reduce them to ashes, so that half-burned bodies are frequently thrown into the stream where thousands of people are bathing. Moreover, every corpse, whether or not it is infected with some contagious disease, is first dipped in the holy waters of the river before being placed on the funeral pyre.

The holy river and the magic that flows in it are stronger than all Western ideas. All the powerful, influential Hindu princes have palaces on the holy stream to which they can go when they feel death approaching. And every one of these princes has been educated in England. They all speak English like Englishmen and are complete English gentlemen in every respect, except that they still remain Indians, that is to say men who may have assimilated a complete European education but who none the less remain utterly foreign.

This is the only explanation of why hundreds of thousands and even millions bathe in this dirty, disgusting water infected with every kind of germ, swallowing it as if it were able to heal every disease and to cure all ills, in spite of all the enlightenment and hygienic knowledge that has penetrated India in the past few decades. Amazing as it seems, even Indian doctors who have studied in European universities and Indian nurses who have been trained in European hospitals sink back into the unbounded filth and foulness of the Orient if they chance to be stationed in some remote spot where they are out of touch with European methods. This is the only explanation why the water of the Ganges not only is drunk by believers at a moment of ecstasy but is considered a sovereign remedy and invaluable cure and is bottled up in jugs which are shipped all over India.

I do not mean to imply anything adverse to India in what I have said. Quite the contrary. I only want to warn against making false judgments. European values and ideas cannot be transported to Oriental countries and peoples, least of all to India. But this is no reason why we should feel justified in despising the Asiatic peoples from the heights of our own civilization. No one can say which civilization and which culture is ultimately superior, and, as far as the relations between Asia and Europe are concerned, the last word has not yet been spoken.

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The first German writer since the War to win the Nobel Prize addresses the members of his old school in Lübeck. In a stirring appeal to the spirit of youth he touches upon the great spiritual conflict that now divides Germany.

To German YOUTH

By THOMAS MANN

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*
Berlin Liberal Daily

THIS IS NOTHING but a polite return visit that I am now paying to my native city and to its old school, a return visit to youth. A summer evening of two years ago comes to my mind when I was entertaining some very dear guests on our garden terrace in Munich. They were young people, young people from Lübeck, young people from the Katharineum School. Director of studies Rosenthal and his pupils were making one of those marvelous tours of investigation and good will. They were headed south and a group of them called on me in Munich, where they spent what was, for me at least, a charming hour. We drank beer and conversed. A young teacher was also present, who, God knows, did not look like a stiff, scholastic authority, as he was dressed in the same kind of sport clothes that his pupils were wearing. In my eyes, he incorporated the whole change that has occurred in the relationship between teachers and students since I was young.

Yes, as I observed the jovial head master, the young teacher, and their pupils, I saw for myself the improvement that has come to pass and I shook the head master by the hand, congratulating him on the progress that has been made and on the transformation of the former pedagogic atmosphere into the atmosphere of youth. Don't misunderstand me. In the old days, individual cases of good will toward young people were not lacking. But the spirit of the time was on the whole opposed to such good will and it did not enter into every activity as it does today, when all of us, especially our young people, are allowed to be more youthful than ever before.

It might even be said that Germany originated the idea of treating youth as an autonomous, unique form of life. A young Frenchman who was visiting Germany said to me not long ago, 'We, of course, have young people, too, but they are *petits bourgeois*, little undeveloped grown ups, wearing frock

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coats and eyeglasses. We have no youth in the picturesque sense of the word, youth that feels and acts young, that adds a special note of its own to the life and aspects of its country. Only you have such young people.' There is a great deal of truth in this statement, and the French, who are much interested in what is happening in Germany, are able to judge very well the peculiar manifestation that they call '*le mouvement de la jeunesse*,' the German youth movement that was born at the beginning of the century and that has played a large, indeed, a decisive part during the present crisis of bourgeois civilization by making us conscious of this crisis and altering the aspect of Germany. A real moral revolution has been accomplished, a movement in behalf of spiritual and physical freedom, a transformation of personal and social habits. Such changes are of course not achieved by a dramatic acquisition of power. They occur because life seizes hold of them and dissolves itself in them so that nothing looks the same as it did before. To-day there is no longer any militant youth movement, not because militant methods would fail but because youth has taken possession of the pedagogic positions it has attacked, because it has identified itself with reality and altered reality. We can even speak of the following historical novelty. Perhaps no epoch in history has ever received more of its hall-marks, more of its articulate slogans from its young people, and I need only mention the popularity of the word 'community' to support my contention. It is also something new that youthful ideas are very much to the fore in all our reflections, investigations, and discussions of contemporary affairs.

Our period, ladies and gentlemen, this young, wild, confusing, rich period of adventure and discovery of new things, in which many people can see nothing but collapse, although we are full of the forces of life and are uncertain only as to how to apply all our future possibilities—somebody ought to write a book about it that would be nothing but a hymn in praise of its fantastic immensity. But another book should be written, a book just as true and well documented, attacking and damning the time in which we are living to its very foundations. For our period is capable of inspiring both love and disgust to a high degree. On the one hand, we feel joy and assurance; on the other, doubt and despair. Since youth, too, inspires these conflicting emotions, though in smaller measure, there is every reason why these two books should discuss youth, too, one of them welcoming it with all its heart, the other bitterly attacking it, both with equally good reason. For they are charming, these young people of ours, perhaps none were ever more so, and perhaps the biological attractiveness of youth has never before been so masterfully and artfully displayed. And this is not surprising, for our young people dare to be more completely themselves than young people have ever dared to be before. It is easy to incline one's heart toward them and it is difficult, in spite of what one has against them in one's heart, to attack them. Good will goes out toward them of its own accord, and my visit here makes me want to express a few of my good wishes.

THE strange, compelling sense of contrast that we feel when we visit ancient seats of learning is due to the fact that we see the innocent, naïve, and newborn combined with what has been handed down and what has consciously survived the ages. Youth, untrammeled life, is being intimately transformed in an ancient framework that seems to be its rightful heritage. I saw the same thing not without emotion a few years ago in Oxford, when I

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visited two or three of its famous colleges. Their Gothic walls are not so old, for England still built Gothic after the Continent had adopted new styles. But their age was emphasized by the contrast between the crumbling stonework and the soft green of the quadrangles and gardens, which were as fresh as the naïve inhabitants of those halls and rooms, the aristocratic young men of England who dwell and develop there, immersed in and educated by an atmosphere of humanism such as can scarcely be found any more on the Continent.

Culture and primitiveness—their obvious blending has all the charm of a picture of a higher and happier form of life. Never in art and life should these two elements be set against each other in any kind of disparaging contrast. One of my wishes to our young people, perhaps my chief wish that includes all others, is that they may not forget either culture or primitiveness. Moreover, this wish is surely not articulated in vain here in the Hanseatic sphere, where freedom and gentility have always been blended into a living unity.

The old Latin school to which we are doing honor, the Lübeck Katharineum, equipped itself some decades ago with all the comforts of modern hygiene and ventilation. I can still remember the tearing down and rebuilding. But the substructure of these vaultings is no less venerable than the centres of learning that I have just described. For these foundations were laid in the Reformation, the period that also bears the dazzling name of Renaissance and that not only reëndowed humanity with spiritual and intellectual treasures that had been lost, but also discovered and established mighty new truths, the new science, the knowledge of nature that was really just as great a discovery and just as great an opportunity for intellectual activity as the humanities, but that proved more exploitable, more fruitful in practical results, for the theories developed in this period created the technique and industry of the nineteenth century. In short, when we recall the beginnings of this educational centre we find ourselves at the cradle of bourgeois culture.

All of us know, and youth knows best of all, how critical the condition of this culture has become to-day after all its permutations, all its achievements in social, economic, political, and intellectual fields. Anyone who does not feel the present crisis, whose very being does not take part in it, is not alive. He who feels it but reacts in a purely conservative direction and pines for the good old days is also shut off from life. The courage to look truth in the face is the first thing life demands of us, for truth and life are too much one and the same thing for any life to be comfortable outside of truth and against truth.

On the other hand, there are certain overzealous students and admirers of our time who push truth to excess. The crisis of bourgeois culture seems to them the end of culture, at least of Western culture, and placards proclaiming the decline of the West are being pasted up everywhere, awakening a kind of despairing rapture. I want to infuse young people with a little skepticism in the face of this disturbing message. 'Only what furthers life is true,' said Goethe. But the truth about the decline of the West is not a truth that furthers life. The European cannot possibly perform the tasks that life demands of him, he cannot find his way out of the crisis of bourgeois culture, if he surrenders all the optimism that goes with any kind of activity and if he believes that his fate is sealed. In such case he must put his hands in his pockets and find what pleasure he can in the hopeless attitude of false, heroic hardness that certain historical prophets recommend to him, not without malice. Although prophets of this order

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visualize the decline of the West, we are really much more justified in interpreting their philosophy as the decline of pessimism, the great pessimism of the last half of the bourgeois nineteenth century, which bungled wearily into a kind of defeatism that no man with the will to live, and least of all no young person, can possibly adopt.

No matter how much Europe may have betrayed itself morally, especially during the War, no matter how much it may be criticized on economic grounds for the organized destruction that has gone hand in hand with its excellent organization, really convincing evidence of Europe's biological decline does not exist. On the contrary, every day brings more impressive proof of Europe's vitality, of its spiritual and physical will to live, which overcomes all emergencies, and of its natural leadership, which has preserved secure the world hegemony of the white race.

THIS conviction of mine does not arise from that naïve and overweening pride which ignores the intellectual values of non-European cultures, especially of Oriental cultures. Europe's immense eclecticism and endless curiosity have always made us sensitive to these values, and any man who considers his sensitiveness a weakness fails to recognize his regal inheritance. When Goethe imitated Hāfiz he was not being weak or renouncing anything, in fact he was doing the precise opposite. The eyes of the world would not cease turning expectantly toward Europe even if Europe tried to cut itself loose and resign its leadership. But such a course would never be taken for the simple reason that nothing exists that can replace Europe's mastery. This mastery remains a human fact, and I want to convince our white young people, no matter how brown their sports may have made them, and open their consciousness to aristocratic recognition of this fact. They should let their whole feeling for life be permeated by it and believe in it proudly and truly as their right and duty. Such a belief would make them worthy to perform the task that the future has laid upon their continent and it would protect them from all the confusion, speculation, and corruption that are sapping their will power.

The bourgeois world is not the same thing as Europe and even if the two should come to their end together, as some people prophesy, that would not mean the end of Western civilization. The idea of culture is more than a hundred, more than four hundred years old, and the proudest historical memory that our young people have should be that of the Persian War, that decisive victory of the spirit, of the will to form, over the Eastern masses, the victory of selectivity over Slavic confusion.

Ladies and gentlemen, there are no longer only a few isolated Europeans who believe that the duty of our day is to infuse new honor and new values into the conception of aristocracy and thus fight the world-menacing spirit, or lack of spirit, of the masses, which no longer has the faintest connection with democracy in the respectable sense of the word. Democracy as it was conceived in the nineteenth century has now become a classical conception, very attractive to be sure, especially compared with what threatens to overwhelm it and take its place, to wit, a mass empire of power that despises, distrusts, and disdains the political achievements of the nineteenth century, an empire whose victory means choas, barbarism, and the ruin of Europe.

Let no European confuse these masses and their unspirituality with a certain class of people, the working class, and their political organization, the Social Democratic Party. I shall never forget one Monday prayer serv-

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ice in this very place when the man who was then head master of the school was scolding certain bad boys who had been guilty of some rudeness or some destructive act and who, he said, had 'acted like Social Democrats.' Even then the boys wanted to laugh, but he forbade us grimly. He was quite serious. He saw in socialism the impersonation of incompetence and vandalistic destruction.

We have now learned to form another opinion of this movement, and proof is not lacking that the working class, who have proclaimed their right to culture, are also conscious of their duties toward culture. Nor when we speak of the spirit of the masses do we chiefly mean the spirit of the proletariat. We mean rather a degenerate and monstrous extension of the bourgeois period, an instinctive vulgarity and raw obstinacy, a confused world of drunken shouts, market-place brays, and dervishlike repetition of stupid slogans, a world of angry, unscrupulous demagogues compared to which the democratic nineteenth century seems like a period of polite, enlightened propriety. No folly, however monumental, seems impossible in such a world.

Here is an example. In Berlin there lives a man named Weissenberg, a former bricklayer who announces himself as God become flesh and the arisen Christ. His idea was to organize the invalids and all those who suffer from intellectual weakness induced by despair and poverty, and he succeeded in starting a mass movement typical of our period. Before the War, but much more so in the dangerous times since then, he has enjoyed great popularity. His sect numbers about a hundred and twenty thousand poor souls. He has built a church that seats twenty thousand people, and it is always full. He edits a revelation newspaper in which Raphael and the angel Gabriel write leading articles, along with Prince Bismarck and Frederick the Great. If such a movement no longer causes amazement, there is nothing astonishing about the millions of supporters that the hallelujahs of certain political salvation armies have attracted.

Nor is there anything admirable either; and since I am expressing my wishes I should like to urge the upper classes in our schools to preserve a little aristocratic skepticism toward this world of frenzied frivolousness and dreary folly. Scholarship, ladies and gentlemen, is only one intellectual manifestation among others. One does n't need to be learned in order to be educated. What good, then, is scholarly education? Why do we spend ten years of our youth in learning how to think methodically and critically if we do not acquire enough discriminating strength of resistance to prevent us from being dragged along by every mass crusade and from being insnared by every fanatical mountebank? The methods of scholarship are different from mass methods, whose sole aim is power.

It is surprising, I frankly confess, to see scientifically trained young people succumbing to the methods of an artificial mass democracy. I am quite aware that professor-baiting that tramples on the principle of freedom to teach and to learn and noisy meetings in lecture halls and laboratories that have to be suppressed by force do not attract the young people who know that scholarship is an earnest search and honest endeavor to answer questions of life and the spirit. Such young people are not carried away by orators who proclaim their own incapacity to save the state. But these manifestations do distort our picture of youth.

ONCE again let me repeat: Europe and its spiritual foundations are older

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and more lasting than the bourgeois world, and though people may say that nineteenth-century ideas are dying of old age, let them take care not to throw out the baby with the bath. Let them not forget how much that is timeless, unalterable, and simply human is bound up with nineteenth-century ideas. Periods of spiritual and social change like ours incline us to a pseudo-radicalism that makes it easy for revolutionaries and reactionaries to change places and that endangers young people more than anybody else. Certain decisions of humanity, once they have been made, cannot be altered, unless we choose to live in a state of untruth and deny our inner reality, which is no life at all, or at best a foolish life. As I say, we cannot go back on certain decisions unless we unnaturally repeat some period of history that we have already passed through and set up abandoned standards again.

This applies to what we have achieved in the way of personal freedom. Our epoch has opposed the widely praised individualism and liberalism of the nineteenth century with the deep, fruitful, and attractive idea of the community. No one can deny that to-day the collective idea, as against the idea of individualism, has a new right to life and a new, vigorous charm. Everyone has experienced this as a spiritual fact. But do we seriously believe that in Europe, especially in Protestant Europe, we can completely deny the value, appeal, and right of the personality? For this value and this right that were born with the personality and were reborn again from the personality must now be born yet a third time as soon as possible or they will be lost. Even the youthful collectivists have brought the ideas of personality again to the fore by emphasizing leadership, which is indeed attractive to young people who are eager to follow commands. But let us hope that they will look their leader in the eye and not cease despising irresponsible indolence. There is nothing new about standing stiffly at attention and taking orders, renouncing one's own ideas entirely. We have had enough of that.

The fashionable contempt for freedom is a mass menace from which every young man who feels himself one of the *élite* should stand critically apart. He should also stand apart from the hatred of all ideas that has now become current in a period that ill conceals its true character by scuttling culture and secretly coquetting with barbarism. A few years ago a young student named Alfred Seidel shot himself and left behind a message that provides disturbing evidence of the intellectual uncertainties that impelled him to take his life. 'The dethronement of absolute truth,' he wrote, 'through acceptance of and assent to the realities known as life, power, sexual instinct, nation, and class—that means the end of a culture.' A culture? All culture, and not only culture but humanity. There is much that is very admirable and just in the disinclination of our time for abstractions and ideologies, its preference for practical reasoning, its interest in the land, the people, and the earth. In fact, this tendency may be the expression of a new religious bond between man and the earth. But when it leads to pure brutality, to a malicious zoölogy that represents man as a beast of prey with a hand that grasps, and when this tendency stands for intellectual courage, then the mischief has begun; indeed, it has gone much too far. It is easy to say that right and justice have always been the result, the expression, and the implements of power. Man has never ceased trying to gauge the absolute, the idea, from the conflict between his spiritual and his fleshly life. To take away this point of view means pushing him down one step on the ladder to the point where he was not spirit but only

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nature. Such a step, however, has never been taken. Ever since man has existed he has partaken of spiritual things, and when he says the word 'culture' he does n't mean a kind of plantlike impress that nature has laid upon him, but spiritual achievement of his own.

No, it is not only bourgeois ideology that people to-day are ready to throw out the window along with the nineteenth-century bath. There is also the idea of peace, which is supposed to have banished all vigor from the world and which has come into bad odor among those who pretend to be vigorous themselves. Many young men associate the word 'pacifism' with spiritual vegetarianism, cowardly idealism, and rationalism, and, since the modern intellectual is more afraid of being called lacking in vitality than of anything else, this idea has many supporters. But it is completely and utterly false. The European idea of peace has nothing to do with the bourgeois idea of chance philanthropy. It is not a relic of the intellectual past, but a real and present necessity of life, a manifestation of the constructive will to the future, a thoroughly virile cause, and we will not let ourselves be deceived by heroic orators on this subject.

Youth, constantly living and growing in the atmosphere of the past as if in its natural heritage—let us hope that this appealing picture, which has existed from the beginning, may continue forever. Wherever culture and primitiveness are intertwined, free distinction and higher life exist. If our schools and our youth each receive from the other what each has to give, if each communicates its new world-feeling to the other, then there will be no sense in talking of decline, because once again life will be building itself anew.

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These hitherto unpublished reflections of a distinguished French writer, now deceased, were discovered by his son, Jean Paulhan, who states that they were written between 1906 and 1921.

Prudence *in* Pessimism

By FRÉDÉRIC PAULHAN

Translated from the *Nouvelle Revue Française*
Paris Literary Monthly

I AM WRITING this for someone who might resemble me a good deal but who would not be entirely myself. If he were less like me or if he resembled me more, everything I tell him would be quite useless. He would understand nothing or else he would already think as I do. And if he did not feel and act a little like myself my counsels would be quite vain or even dangerous. Minds differ. What tastes like a cordial to one person has no flavor at all to another and is poison to a third.

I am not writing this for those who might find me flat or for those whom I might poison, but I have no way of selecting my readers. Therefore I warn them. Moreover, what follows should not be looked upon as a necessary expression of my philosophic ideas, which should reveal themselves in many other ways. Here these ideas are appropriated by a special kind of temperament and are combined with it. Combined to another temperament, the result would be very different. In fine, I really believe I am writing this for nobody.

Do not be too anxious to conceal your intimate sentiments from others. People will never perceive them except on two or three very simple points. But if you feel yourself obliged in certain cases to throw people off the track tell them coldly and clearly just what you are thinking, for they will not believe you or will understand nothing.

Don't try to revenge yourself for the pleasure of revenge. It is a low way of wasting time. If luck avenges you you naturally will savor in passing this fruit that you did not cultivate and that offers itself to you, but do not grow fond of it and, if possible, don't even taste it.

I do not mean to say that you should forgive. That is not the point at all. You ought to consider the misunderstandings of others only in so far as they can make for a better future. Therefore fight if you have to. Forget those who have done you wrong if there is no advantage in remembering them or if they have become inoffensive. But love them if they become lovable.

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Don't love people a great deal more than they love you. Those with delicacy will be embarrassed and the others will exploit you. Love people a little more if you like. That flatters them. And try not to expect anyone to love you very much.

Don't count on anyone's devotion. Those who love you most are not devoted to you but to a phantom that stands for you in their eyes. And if you don't resemble the phantom, as you probably won't, you will be both unhappy and ungrateful, and the devoted person will continue to cherish his phantom in his own way and will congratulate himself on his goodness. If, for your part, you believe you have to devote yourself to somebody, do not be too proud of it. Do not be too serious or too hasty and try not to do it simply to acquire a good conscience by embarrassing your neighbor.

Remain outside. Outside groups, even those that you prefer, if there are any. Outside centuries, including your own century. Outside countries, including your own. Outside yourself, your ideas, and your desires. Not always, for that is impossible, but sometimes. Then you will understand life and how little you amount to, you and the rest. Each group, each individual, each idea, each desire of each individual represents a world, a world made in one man's image where he can live freely. None of these worlds is realized but all of them want to exist, and reality is composed of all these desires, a kind of equivocal, incoherent compromise, a world that is neither your own nor anybody else's, nor that of any people or civilization, but a place where everything is mixed, confused, and at odds. And you will interest yourself in the play of all these desires that wear every possible mask with complete seriousness as they struggle against each other or support each other unconsciously, and you will smile at all those vain efforts and devious approaches to difficult ends, at the comic and tragic gravity that men display. Then you will become a man, you too, having known the vanity of everything, even of dreaming and of contempt for vanity.

Do not disdain the little pleasures of life. Know how to appreciate a good morsel, a glass of old wine, a game of bowls or tennis, the softness of a spring morning. Even take a simple pleasure listening to the gentle flow of fermenting life within you. All this is good and these humble pleasures are less tangled, less painful. I do not need to warn you against absorbing yourself in them. Life will see to that, I hope.

If others have pleasures that you lack, rejoice. What matters is not that you are happy but that there is happiness somewhere. Rejoice if you love a woman and she loves another who loves her in return. What matters is that there should be love and not that you should be loved. Rejoice, too, if somebody else performs a fine piece of work that you wanted to do. The essential thing is that it should be done. Thus you can console yourself when you are tempted to feel afflicted. I have seen many cases when this treatment did good, but you will often think, perhaps quite rightly, that the man who possesses something good is not always the man who can profit most by it, and that love does not always go to the man who most deserves it, and that the man who could do the finest piece of work does not always work under the best conditions. And it is sad that this should be true. But you can also find, if you like, a consolation of another kind.

The obligations of gratitude, like all approved obligations, are a low form of morality. Real gratitude does not consist in loving a person who does us a service and in doing him a service in return. Gratitude consists in profiting by the service that has been done so

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that we can act as well as possible toward the man who did us the favor and toward all men, toward the whole of humankind and not only toward the individual to whom we are grateful. He has no right to anything more. Perhaps the service he has rendered turns out well for him, perhaps it brings him harm, but this is a secondary matter.

YOU will experience the shame of being alive, the shame of having felt such and such a sentiment, the shame of having thought as you did, the shame of being yourself, the shame of being a man, even the shame of existing, and you will feel these sensations not only for yourself but for others, for everybody. It is so pretentious to be a man, so pretentious even to live, and how scantily these pretensions are justified. Mere chance has caused us who are alive to live instead of others who might have existed but never emerged from the womb of the possible, and how blind that chance was, or how insignificant. But remember, too, that it would have been just as blind or insignificant had it produced something else, so forgive it and accept the world as you do a foggy day or a winter rain.

You will often enjoy taking refuge in your past, reliving happy moments and even happy hours, and as your past grows more distant you will see it detaching itself. You will feel like a stranger toward your former soul. Your past impressions will reveal themselves as mean and limited. Your earlier ideas will seem incomplete and embryonic. It will seem to you that since then many veils have been lifted from before you and that your heart and mind have been strengthened.

This will make the past a little painful. And you will take neither great pleasure nor great pride in that, for you know that later on the present will seem to you as the past seems now. And there is no reason why this should not continue until the day when you will perhaps be conscious of some decrepitude, and then the past will appear resplendent. And that will be still more sad. But you will perhaps not be clear-sighted enough to suffer this pain.

If one could only live one's life over again with the experience that one has gradually acquired! You will say that to yourself, and you will think of everything that you might have done that you did not do and, even more, of everything that you did do that you would not do again. It will seem that you lived blindly and that now light has come to you. But if the omnipotent Lord offered to allow you to live your life over again from childhood with your present personality I believe that you would reply, 'My God, do not take so much trouble to give me all that worry again.'

Our humblest, poorest joys are the only ones that we can taste fully. Others surpass us. They drive us out of ourselves and assault us too much. We should learn how to experience them, but the conditions of this world make them too imperfect. They become tarnished or else miscarry. It is only in dreams and art that they can protect their fragility, and we must create illusions about them in order to love them as much as we wish. All that one can hope for in real life is a lovely autumn day, a well-cooked omelet, a pair of shoes that don't hurt our feet. These things happen sometimes, but not often enough to make us blasé. We can see only parodies or phantoms of other things. Our purest joys are perhaps a breath of fresh air on a mountain top or a glass of cool water in summer after a long walk.

I was very much shocked and surprised in my childhood when people took the side of the poacher against the gendarme. And in Punch and Judy shows I was always for the officer and

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against Punch. Finally I understood that one could be against authority, but I did not understand and never shall how anyone can be in favor of Punch or the poacher.

Love, friendship, and affection in every form will make you suffer. You will not be loved as you would like to be loved. That is natural. But I also fear that you cannot yourself love as you would like to love. And that is a less violent kind of suffering but perhaps a more profound one. You will love, of course, with the aid of illusions, but you will be more or less conscious of those illusions, and of the singular rôle that the individual plays in the midst of all the lies that assail him from every side and that he too passes on to others, whether he wants to or not. Understand this and don't think too much about it.

When we think of death we feel jealous of the world about us into which we prolong ourselves and which is our exterior ego,—our books, our engravings, our pictures,—though we also think with pleasure that others will perhaps live in them as we did and that we may thus survive a little. But we have nothing to fear or hope for. Our world will die with us. In my books and pictures no one will see and feel and love what I see and feel and love. Whether or not my possessions are scattered, other people will create from them a world that I shall never know, that no one will be able to know except the person who creates it and encloses himself in it. What we love disappears when we disappear.

As you advance in life you will see your dreams vanish, your desires fade, and your illusions fail. Do not regret them too much. Most of them were hardly worth the trouble. Satisfaction would have deceived you. If you have been able to achieve without too much trouble at least one of the aims that give meaning to your life, don't envy anybody.

The approval of others is a pleasure to me, of course, but at the same time it irks me. I have experienced this several times. Why? I believe it is rather a complicated matter. For one thing, I believe one feels a certain fear of leading others into some error. After all, I may be making a mistake when I announce an opinion and others will certainly not accept it with all the reserves and nuances that I put into it. Thus there is a feeling of disagreement in agreement that is rather painful. I am well aware that the opinion others form from mine will not be mine, that they will deform it, each one in his own way. We might agree on words, on an abstraction, but we should differ fundamentally in thought and, which is just as important, in feeling. Let us never expect too much when an idea of ours is accepted. When others come to me I want to withdraw, because I clearly feel that they are misunderstanding me, that they will not remain with me and will refuse to accompany me. And I don't want even to mention the kind of person who says to us, 'I entirely agree with you,' and by way of proof asserts an idea that we have repudiated. Nor will I have any traffic with the kind of imbecile who congratulates us for having expressed exactly what he thought.

Unquestionably it is a good thing not to grow absorbed in present impressions, to recall the past and foresee the future and thus to order life with some sequence and breadth. It is easy to see the defects of the practice commonly attributed to the ostrich of making a danger disappear by refusing to look at it. But vision of the past and future mars the present on those rare occasions when the present is good. One enjoys nothing if one is always thinking of the consequences of one's pleasure and of the fate that awaits one. The present moment is often a glass of some

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comforting, gentle drink. But if we pour in all the bitterness of the past and future it is no longer drinkable. The destiny of mankind as a whole is miserable, and when we refer everything back to life as a whole we lose all the pleasure of living. Moreover, what good will scrupulous delicacy do you when you are surrounded by so many indelicate, dishonest, gross, and mediocre people? You will stumble at every step. But I do not preach to you. I am tranquil. You will certainly have to suffer from your forgetfulness and lack of foresight and if you are delicate enough to suffer because you have not suffered more that will be very fine of you.

Life is not simple. You will tell me that all the world lives without much calculation, without great cleverness, without superiority of mind or soul, and this is true. The only thing is that every time I have penetrated a little more intimately into the life of any individual, the better I have come to know him, the less happy I have found him. Behind splendid façades, whether gay or modest, the palaces, mansions, or lodgings are dusty, damp, and unhealthy. If you really want an æsthetic and truly moral life not without comfort, which is a lower form of beauty, but beauty none the less, why were you born, or why don't you die?

Contempt. It is almost always necessary to come to this. I used to admire many things, for I wanted to love many things—individuals, causes, parties, nations. But the further I went the more the field of my admiration and love narrowed. It was not that I became incapable of either emotion, but I lost too many prejudices on the way, dropped too many errors. There is hardly anything admirable and lovable except abstractions and illusions. I see all too clearly that what I still admire and love is everywhere imprisoned in displeasing, ignoble, and mediocre rubble. This is true even of men who were masterpieces of humanity, of the works that were the masterpieces of these men, of societies, parties, ideas, and of myself. If I met myself I really believe that I should hardly be pleased at all, except on a few points. But I should perhaps not consider these points very important in individual relations.

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The ass is the symbol of the common people, argues a witty German essayist and philosopher who has recently returned from a trip to the Near East.

Asses and MASSES

By THEODOR LESSING

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*
Prague German-Language Daily

WE NEED not search far to discover the symbolism of the ass. A thousand proverbs, fables, and metaphors make it clear that the ass stands for the soul of the common people. All their submissiveness and forbearance, all their malice and stubbornness, all their endurance and patience, all their eternal suffering can be traced back ultimately to a single quality, to one unpardonable offense: their incurable, unalterable stupidity. That is why we all say, when we do something stupid, 'Oh, what an ass I am!'

From a hundred possible examples I shall choose only two, the most ancient and the most modern: the ass in the Bible and the ass in Friedrich Nietzsche's modern Bible, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. Whenever an ass appears in Zarathustra's parables, it represents the people and the soul of the people. The pope comes riding on an ass, the kings drive an ass before them, and, finally, as Zarathustra is about to announce his gospel of eternal recurrence everything ends in a feast of asses. 'But the ass cried, "Yah. . . ." Gray is the color in which he clothes his virtue. What hidden wisdom is it to have long ears and always to say yea, never nay? Has he not created the world in his likeness, that is to say, as stupid as possible?' And the kings, the last man, the spiritual conscience, and the pope himself all finally prayed to the ass. 'For the ass is the god of the world.' The same metaphor occurs in the Bible, where the most famous of all asses, the ass of the prophet Balaam, suddenly begins to talk, and God Himself speaks through his mouth. (Do not all asses think, when they begin to bray, that God Himself is speaking though their mouths?) 'The voice of the people is the voice of God,' and how characteristic it is when the ass asks Balaam, his rider and master, 'Am I not thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day? What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me?' 'That is the text,' says an old philosopher, 'for a commentary on princes, civil servants, and the laws of states and of humanity.'

The ass is the poor man's horse, and

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in his pack ass the poor man recognizes his own destiny and his own self. Just as one can't picture Don Quixote without his noble steed, Rosinante, so one can't picture Sancho Panza without his little gray ass. During the Middle Ages the riding horse was the symbol of nobility and the ass the symbol of the people, and when Jesus and the apostles rode into Jerusalem, not on horses, but on asses, that was as much as to say that they were bringing good tidings to the poor, not to the rich. The Aztecs once prayed to the ass, and even to-day certain peoples consider the ass holy; indeed, the feast of asses is the true popular festival. The difficulty of mating the horse with the ass symbolizes the relations between the rich and the poor. When they are forced into a *mésalliance*—and the objections of the horse can be overcome only by deception or beating—a creature is born that combines the virtues of both parents. It is intelligent and brave like the horse, strong and patient like the ass. An expert on South America once said that the whole growth and civilization of that continent is due to the mule.

Since the ass mirrors the soul of the people—obedient, faithful, stubborn, crafty, and patient to the utmost limits of endurance—it is clear that much can be learned about the popular character by studying the position of the ass in different lands. I feel it to be symbolic that the ass, unlike the horse, is large and handsome in southern lands, while in the civilized countries of the north it is a mere shadow of its former self. The old nature philosopher, Oken, commented: 'In the north he has been so harmed by long ill-treatment that he scarcely resembles his ancestors any more. Not only is he much smaller, but he is a dull ash-gray color and his ears are longer and limper. His boldness has changed to obstinacy, his love of freedom to patience, and his courage to a toleration of beating.' How handsome, on the contrary, is the Egyptian, the Spanish, and especially the Arabian ass in comparison with the poor creature that carries our meal sacks and draws our milk carts. Is it not significant that we consider the word 'ass' as libelous and punishable by a fine? In Arabia men salute each other with: 'Greetings, thou ass of all asses!' Jacob blessed the seed of Issachar by calling him 'a strong ass couching down between two burdens.' Homer says of the fleeing Ajax: 'He fled like an ass slowly returning from the cornfields.' Imagine saying that of one of our noble generals! 'Ass of Assburg' was the name of an old aristocratic German family that changed its name to 'Horseburg.' Into what disrepute the most popular of all animals has fallen, the ass with whose jawbone Samson slew a thousand men and the ass of Buridan, which starved because the bundle of hay to its right and the bundle of hay to its left seemed equally attractive. There is a connection here with the schoolmen's proof of free will. Any man may discover that he does not know whether blonde Martha or dark Mary is the more attractive, but he must not be an ass about it, he must decide.

If it is true that the ass represents the patient soul of the people, and that the voice of the people is the voice of God, then I must say that God grieves over the world as if His heart would break. For in the bray of an ass lies the whole accusing lament of an abased and insulted creature. It is worst in Jerusalem. Never have I heard asses cry so. The whole misery of mankind becomes articulate in those cries. A creature laden with stones, fed on grass and thistles, crowned with thorns, choiceless in diet, with enormous ears that hear the tiniest sound, yet bound to perpetual silence, capable of expressing himself, when he will, only in harsh, complaining tones, beaten and stoical, an eternal 'Yah' sayer, mocked when

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he puts on a lion's skin, born to servitude and straw-eating—who does not recognize in this portrait the soul of the masses, of the good, honest, long-suffering people, tied down till the end of the day, whose eternal offense is only their stupidity, and who on that account must forever act like the ass that lay down in the water in order to make its load of sponges lighter?

BE good to the ass! Honor and love the ass! Consider him holy! And in conclusion listen to this old legend. An impious legend? No, the legend of piety itself, and do not laugh over it.

A poor mendicant friar was roaming through the country with his dearest friend, an ass. But the wretched ass was ill and about to die. So the friar sat down at the meadow's edge with the beast and fondled and caressed him. But it was of no use; the ass gave a final 'Yah . . .' and died. Then the friar wept bitterly and buried the ass and planted forget-me-not on his grave.

While he sat by the wayside and tended the grave, peasants came by with calves that they were taking to the market. 'Why do you weep, holy man?' they asked. 'I weep,' said the friar, 'because I have lost my only friend and had to bury him here.' But the friar did not dare to confess that his friend had been only an ass. The peasants said, 'Your friend must have been a good man for a holy man like you to weep over him like this. We shall pray at his grave.' And they tethered the calves and prayed that they would drive good bargains in the town.

It so happened that the peasants' prayers were fulfilled, and that they did well at market and made much money. This they attributed to the power of their prayers, and when they reached home they told how a holy man lay buried on the way to the town, and that it was a good thing to pray at his grave. Then many men and women on their way to the town stopped and prayed at the spot where the friar sat and the ass lay buried. And soon miracles began to occur. Many prayers were fulfilled, and the people decided to build a little chapel on the blessed grave. Soon the chapel became a church, and the church a famous place of pilgrimage, and in the course of years the poor friar became fat and prosperous. Finally he was made bishop, and he thought to himself, 'This is a miracle among many miracles; it 's not half bad after all.' But his conscience troubled him, for he had a pious soul and a pure heart, and, the more famous his shrine became, the more earnestly he questioned himself as to whether he should not at least open up his heart to the archbishop and confess that his holy man had been only an ass and that the relics encased in gold filigree were only the bones of an ass.

Finally he got up his courage to make a penitential trip to the much more famous shrine three days' journey away. When he had reached the church and prayed before the altar, he betook himself contritely to the archbishop to unburden his heart. 'Ah,' he cried, and smote his breast, 'I have practised a deception on my people; they do not know that the holy Asinius was only an ass and that his bones are the bones of an ass, unlike the bones of your holy man.' The archbishop listened patiently, but when the penitent had made an end he clasped him warmly in his arms and whispered in his ear: 'Dear colleague, be at peace and trust in God's mercy. Mine too was an ass.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

La Rebelión de las Masas. *By José Ortega y Gasset. Madrid: Revista de Occidente. 1931.*

(From the *Times Literary Supplement*, London)

IN THIS vigorous book the author analyzes the European 'mass man' of the twentieth century, *Homo vulgaris*, who is described as completely different from man in any preceding age. He is the descendant of the independent, self-sufficing, self-satisfied man of the Renaissance, but is essentially different in that he has no roots. Brilliant Renaissance man was rooted in the Middle Ages; he was the child of faith and the pupil of scholasticism. The mass man of the twentieth century is the outcome of nineteenth-century industrialism, but is not rooted in the nineteenth century as the man of the Renaissance was rooted in the Middle Ages. He has no respect for the science that created him, but only automatically accepts some of the mechanical products of that science; he has no ideals, he has no ideas—that is to say, he does not think originally or individually, but receives his ideas ready-made, as he buys standardized wares. But it is not in this sense only that he has no roots: for the first time in history the vivifying springs of humanity are in danger of running dry—the genuine, hard-working, hard-living peasantry is being destroyed.

The immediate object of this common herd of mass men without class or traditions is pleasure; otherwise they have no ideal or object in life; they have no sense of duties or disinterested service, and contemplate life as an easy procession of continually improving motor-cars and airplanes. There is the curious fact that the children of the age of doubt and unbelief are more self-satisfied than was the nineteenth century, with its apparent complacency but with its constant ideals and real searchings of heart. Men are becoming rapidly all of a pattern, dishumanized by the intervention of the state, which devours its children, complete citizens, infinitely little and finite, hermetically sealed against any real philosophy. They are, says Señor Ortega y Gasset, like school children who have taken the key of the fields and can think of nothing but turning somersaults. Their five miles a minute is the result of an instinctive desire to blind themselves to the even greater rapidity and vaster potentialities of the soul. They seek to paralyze or destroy the soul and cut themselves off not only from tradition but from religion. The worst of a cut flower is that its future is extremely limited. There is an organic unity in the old sentence, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men'; and the attempt to eliminate the first half of it has so far resulted only in the destruction of the second half also. The author in this book repeats that the mass man is self-satisfied and content, he has no agonies of the spirit, 'he considers himself perfect.' He has pleasure, but, as to happiness, man is not only the most adaptable but the most insatiable of animals; he can accustom himself to sleep on a log of wood, but once he goes in for pillows he will scarcely find one soft enough.

Is progress to stretch out to the crack of doom in an endless series of more and more comfortable houses and quickly scrapped motor-cars? Such appears to be the fate of democracy, the crack of doom being, of course, not remote. Is there any prospect that the conservatives, men of an old-

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fashioned way of thought, will assert themselves and insist on giving man happiness instead of pleasure, the happiness that corresponds to the real comfort of a log pillow that will not change or give? That could be achieved only through the restoration of the state as policeman or umpire, providing a free field for individual effort. The cult of mediocrity, the rejection of duty, and the mania for pleasure and comfort make it very improbable that a few men of ideals (and even in the apparently flourishing realm of science the author insists that the sudden disappearance of scarcely a score of eminent men might spell collapse) will be able to impose themselves and impose a more durable happiness on mankind. Yet it is in truth only a very few men who pull the strings and prompt and control the actions of the apparently independent mass man, who loves violence and direct action but also loves uniformity and discipline and would soon acquiesce in and adapt himself to the new duties, ideals, and happiness provided by a benevolent, beneficent 'tyrant' without fear or favor.

Señor Ortega y Gasset does not believe in the decadence of Europe. There has been an immense increase in vitality and in the possibilities of life; but there is also greater danger of this vitality's being used unintelligently as a weapon of destruction. The Gadarene swine were full of vitality as they ran over the cliff into the sea. He writes as a liberal, and far from considering the conservatives as the last hope for afflicted, uprooted man, sees in them the chief obstacle to the only solution for the mass man of Europe: that he will emerge from the narrow bonds of nationalities with their no longer effective or real frontiers and form a united Europe, thus obtaining an outlet for his energies and an object in life. But if the mass mind be an evil, it is not evident how it will be lessened by this even greater advance in uniformity. The author believes that if the Five-Year Plan of the Bolshevists succeeds, an enthusiasm for Bolshevism will run through Europe like a devastating fire, owing to the victory of 'men who have been disciplined by their faith.' But surely 'the victory of men who have been enslaved by the tyranny of a few' would be the more accurate description.

UNION DER FESTEN HAND. *By Erik Reger. Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt Verlag. 1931.*

(Ernst Glaeser in the *Literarische Welt*, Berlin)

GERMAN literature is like the German Constitution. You can read it but it does not apply. Heinrich Mann still writes cheerful essays and exciting novels with his old freshness. Hermann Kesten retains his distinguished style and individualistic, ironic approach; and many other writers are defending good traditions. But we can't be blamed if we do not enjoy the artistic form and narrative virtuosity that such authors display. We cannot make any use of their works, though they are beautiful and powerful. We might crown them with the laurels that they deserve and give them places in the pantheon of belles-lettres, but we should have to shut up this pantheon so that its atmosphere of delicacy and tradition would not be destroyed by the sharp-edged, bristling literature that is beginning to grow in the Germany of 1931.

This literature is not human, ironic, stylistic. It is factual, brutal, morally direct, ethically hard. It does not use style as a substitute for a philosophy of life. It is not oriented on Voltaire, Stendhal, and Flaubert, but on present circumstances, which it describes and judges. This literature is not concerned with man; it even denies that there are such things as men. It is concerned with

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the dialectic process of history. It does not deal with individuals who fight and suffer, conquer or die, but with whole classes and communities, in which individuals are bound together by common interests that determine their activities. Our new writers believe that the freedom of the individual, which the French Revolution discovered, has been virtually annihilated by the results of this Revolution, by nationalism and capitalism. With bitter conviction they write down what is happening about them, describe the entanglements of community life, recognize that the individual and the beauty and sadness of his sensations are being wiped out by the apparatus of a society that is greater and stronger than man. They see systems where others see tragedy. They notice the misery of the herd where others see the misery of the individual sheep. They believe that human beings cannot be changed by humanity, individual rebellion, cynicism, or resignation, but only by recognition of their strength, organization of their power, planned division of their forces. They do not believe in beauty as long as it is used only as a trimming for truth. They do not believe in miracles, for they know that every miracle was created by man. They believe that man is the equal of God and not God's scapegoat.

This moral, ethical, and naturally activistic kind of literature has found in Erik Reger the spokesman and representative that it needed. Apart from his work it includes only three war novels, at which our devotees of French literary perfection are already smiling. Reger has written a thick and 'boring' novel that demands serious readers who will work over their reading instead of letting themselves be carried along by virtuosity, not noticing that there is nothing between the lines but futility and style. Reger has written a novel describing an activity. This activity is the life in the Ruhr, where the steel and coal industries have no interest in human beings except as productive forces. The individual has been devoured by the machine, and his occupation has vanquished his character. The Krupp and Thyssen dynasty is described, and the working people that this dynasty exploits. No one has described the workings of anonymous processes so well as Reger. No one has given such a vivid picture of the thrill that workers feel during their hours of leisure. This book has no hero and it has no time. A ghostly activity, the production of goods, keeps all the people in it in a state of tension, and before they know what has happened to them they are dead. Whether they want to make a revolution or whether they want to assert themselves in the capitalistic system, they must all organize if they want to accomplish anything. And over everything human, over birth and death, love and solitude, the process of production continues to produce goods, finally consuming men in the process.

There is hardly anything more to say of this book except that it must be read. To report what is in it requires more space than is at my disposal. Anyone who reads it will make the acquaintance of a writer who gets his effects through understanding rather than through passion. He is no first violinist of the German language that Heine discovered. He does not lose himself in details but concentrates on the task in hand. Whereas psychological writers are full of ideas, he is heavy and always meditative. He has written down what exists, not what pleases editors and ladies.

In Germany to-day a united front has been formed against virtuosity. At last writers exist who are no longer formulists and depicters of the 'eternally human.' As a matter of fact this eternally human business turns our stomach, for we believe that man is as

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limitless and alterable as the world. We have no fear of death and we do not mind if someone dies and his throat rattles. For we do not believe that anyone dies, because we do not believe in 'anyone.' But the kind of death that the supposedly profound writer is always so afraid of and always describes so eagerly we believe to be a subterfuge compared with life. Let us organize this life and then we shall at last be able to die because we shall at last have lived.

About Reger let this be said: his book strengthens the front of a literature that is at last breaking loose from belles-lettres, from literary virtuosity, and the whole 'human' business, which was never anything more than an escape through which clever cowards evaded the activities and decisions of their epoch. Here a new literature begins, a literature without entertainment. It has no amusement value but is responsible, understanding, and full of applicable truth.

ASIA'S TEEMING MILLIONS. *By Étienne Dennery. With Foreword by Harold Cox. London: Jonathan Cape, Ltd. 1931. 10s. 6d.*

FACETS OF THE CHINESE QUESTION. *By E. Manico Gull. London: Ernest Benn, Ltd. 1931. 10s. 6d.*

(O. M. Green in the *Sunday Times*, London)

THE LATE Earl Cromer once put the question whether, on purely scientific grounds, the West had done well in blocking nature's safety valve of flood, pestilence, and famine, by which 'Asia's teeming millions' were formerly kept within manageable bounds. At any rate, to Western action in this and several other ways in Asia are directly due the formidable problem of overpopulation and bitterness toward the white races, which M. Dennery describes in his admirable and most interesting book. The imperious need of Japan, China, and India for an outlet—as M. Dennery shows, a comparatively new phenomenon—is accompanied by a new awakening of the individual, and intensified by the growth of a huge student class that can find no employment to repay it for the university degrees it has won at heavy expense.

'Of all unfriendly acts,' says M. Dennery, 'restriction on emigrants arouses . . . the liveliest and most far-reaching sentiments,' for the obvious stigma of inferiority it implies, which the Asiatics furiously resent. M. Dennery's description of the Indian's resentment against his exclusion from practically all the Empire, except some Crown Colonies, is particularly worth reading just now. Yet how pathetically hopeless it is to save the Indian from himself. All the British Government's efforts to safeguard the Tamil emigrants in Ceylon and Malacca cannot protect them from the tyrannies of caste and the money-lender.

Japan's problem is rather internal than external. Deeply as they resent the barriers in Australia and America, the Japanese will not go abroad if they can help it. But overpopulation and industrialism have produced such conditions that books written about Japan even ten years ago are out of date. M. Dennery does not give prominence enough to Russia's part in Manchuria, where it is more than likely that the future will see China and Japan combined against the Bolshevik. The translation is good on the whole, but why, when writing for English readers, use the awkward-looking French romanization for familiar Chinese place names?

Taking one country only of Asia, and one aspect of that country's troubles, Mr. Gull's very interesting book advances a fresh and suggestive explanation of China's incessant turmoil. Admitting, as everyone would, the paramount influence of Confucian-

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ism, he urges that its mechanical rules of conduct have had less effect in shaping Chinese character than the stress it lays on æsthetic values, form, and ceremonial. Add to this the enormous importance attached in China to perfect calligraphy as an indispensable part of scholarship, and the potency of Lâo-tsze's doctrine of *wu wei*, or inaction (one may recall the Red Lama in *Kim* —'to abstain from action is good'), which was painted up in the Throne Room at Peking, the result through thousands of years is that the practical side of Chinese nature becomes hide-bound in form and gesture—the 'how' of a matter is more important than the 'what.'

Mr. Gull's theory could be supported by twenty instances from everyday life. It also helps to explain China's special difficulty in assimilating Western institutions, much of which she will incontinently reject before she finds salvation.

MY LIFE IN TWO WORLDS. *By G. O. Leonard. London: Cassell & Co. 1931. 7s. 6d.*

(G. Lowes Dickinson in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

THE whole subject of spiritualism, and of the various phenomena adduced in support of it, is one of the most baffling and exasperating with which an honest mind can be confronted. First, and chiefly, it is submerged under a flood of fraud and credulity, the one perpetually evoking the other. Exposure continually repeated has apparently no effect, and even good and honest minds are as little proof against deception as others. It is conjurers and lawyers rather than these that are the most likely to detect tricks, since the former are constantly inventing and the latter constantly exposing them. Men of science, as experience shows, are as easily taken in as others and even less easily convinced of their delusion. All this will be admitted by those who have taken the trouble to study the subject. But it does not follow that there is nothing there except fraud, and that is why the subject is nevertheless important. For it seems clear that, in the jumble, there do emerge phenomena that are genuine and as remarkable as they are uncommon. And the pioneers in the study of these, such as the founders of the Society for Psychical Research, deserve all the respect that attaches to men adventuring in new fields of inquiry.

These reflections are naturally aroused by Mrs. Leonard's book. For years past she has been one of the best-known professional mediums. Those who have had séances with her have never believed her to be fraudulent, nor does her book suggest it. It seems, therefore, only reasonable to give her the benefit of the doubt, and admit that she believes in the truth of what she describes. But this does not rule out the possibility, or probability, that she is often deceived and often misinterprets her experiences. Her account, for example, of 'materializations' follows the usual lines, and there seems no reason to attribute any real significance to it.

There are, however, other alleged experiences of Mrs. Leonard which it is not so easy or so sensible simply to reject. She describes, for instance, rising and floating above her body, and seeing it lying below her. Now there are many records of this experience, given by people who have never professed to be mediums or accepted spiritualism, and I have no doubt myself that the experience does occur, though I have never had it. What does it signify? Mrs. Leonard believes it to be an actual escape of the soul in an 'astral body,' and the prelude to visits, which she describes, to quite other worlds than that of our normal senses. Are these

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visits fact or hallucination? That is a question conceivably determinable by evidence, and Mrs. Leonard does in fact adduce evidence which, if accepted, would establish the objective validity of her excursions. She tells us, for example, how in one of them she heard and saw her husband saying and doing things which in fact he had done and said at the doorway of the flat while her own physical body was reclining on her bed in her own room. The dismissal of such stories as mere fraud or hallucination is not really a scientific procedure, but the reaction of a strong dogmatic prejudice.

In the course of her excursions Mrs. Leonard describes herself as coming into contact with a world very like the one Swedenborg describes,—a kind of replica of our world here,—only with all the evil eliminated. Mr. Drayton Thomas and other contemporary reporters give similar descriptions, and to many spiritualists these accounts seem to give great satisfaction. I do not feel the same exhilaration myself, but that is a matter of taste, and tastes are irrelevant to an attempt to determine what the facts may be. It should be noticed, however, that Mrs. Leonard visits other regions less delectable than these, and believes there may well be yet others that she has not seen. For my own part, if I were destined to survive, I should prefer to gravitate to one of these; and it is an attractive idea that people who belong to one another should be segregated for a time in the surroundings they all prefer. All this, however, in the present state of our knowledge is mere speculation. For science the question is whether in fact any other world or worlds do exist.

It would be true, I think, to say that most men of science, even now, would think it merely silly even to raise such a question. And that brings me to what has been, I think, the great limitation of the scientific mind. With notable exceptions it has narrowed its outlook in order to do its own highly specialized work. I am not intending to quarrel with this attitude. But anyone who is not such a specialist can see that the scientists have assumed for their purposes a general view of the world that there is very little reason to suppose is true. All our normal knowledge is limited by the facts that our senses show us and the inferences that our minds can draw; but we know that our senses obscure as much as they show and that creatures quite unlike ourselves (let us say the insects) must have quite a different perception of the world. Again, our minds are just *our* minds, with a peculiar constitution of their own, and our bodies are *our* bodies, with a peculiar matter and structure of their own. There is no reason why there should not exist somewhere, besides the innumerable creatures on this earth of which we have knowledge, innumerable other creatures with quite different kinds of bodies and minds.

It would hardly be worth while to draw attention to this point if it were merely a speculative one; but the moment we are informed by people that in fact they have been among other people inhabiting other worlds the dogmatic reply, 'That is impossible,' becomes unscientific. What we have got is a case for inquiry. How the inquiry may end—it has already begun—I do not prophesy. But I feel sure that it ought to be continued, in spite of fraud, self-deception, imperfect and fragmentary evidence, and all the other obstacles to which I have adverted. And it is for that reason that I think Mrs. Leonard's book ought to be taken seriously, at any rate by the small, though I hope increasing, number of those who have the interest, the honesty, the clear head, and the readiness to test hypothesis by fact that belong to all genuine men of science.

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BLUE GHOST: A STUDY OF LAFCADIO HEARN. *Jean Temple. London: Jonathan Cape. 1931. 7s. 6d.*

(John Eglinton in the *Observer*, London)

WHEN our curiosity about a writer whom we admire prompts us to inquire into his private life, and we discover that this is unedifying—well, perhaps we get the answer that we deserve. A conspicuous example is the case of Lafcadio Hearn, who was no sooner dead than a merciless exposure of his frailties appeared, written by his old friend Dr. Gould—a man evidently of a rather humdrum character, yet as evidently one whose good opinion was worth having. Hearn, he wrote, was 'deprived by nature, or by conscious intention, of religion, morality, scholarship, magnanimity, loyalty,' and so on. But, as Hearn himself says, 'the real character, the heart and soul of an author, is truly revealed in his work'; and those who have felt the unique charm of Hearn's style, or found in him a luminous and helpful interpreter in many things, will welcome this attempt to tell the story of his life 'through the medium of his own consciousness.' Miss Temple has assimilated much of the mind of Hearn, and even a good deal of the beauty of his style; and she is certainly no such moral censor as Dr. Gould. And Hearn has deserved this exceptional treatment; for, whatever he was as a man, in his writings he is wise and virtuous, gracious, playful, a soaring and intrepid spirit. He was himself only with the pen in his hand, and Gould tells how, after a halting and diffident attempt to express himself in conversation, he would 'go into the next room' and write him one of his delightful letters. His style is often as characteristic in his letters as in his books. Here, for example, is a description, quoted by Miss Temple, of a Chinese gong shown to him in a private museum:—

> The gong glimmered pale and huge and yellow, like the moon rising over a southern swamp. My friend tapped its ancient face with a muffled drumstick, and it commenced to sob, like waves upon a low beach. He tapped it again, and it moaned like the wind in a mighty forest of pines. Again, and it commenced to roar, and with each tap the roar grew deeper and deeper, till it seemed like thunder rolling over an abyss in the Cordilleras. . . . It impressed me as something terrible and mysterious. I vainly sought to understand how that thin, thin disc of trembling metal could produce so frightful a vibration. He informed me that it was very expensive, being chiefly made of the most precious metals—silver and gold.

But one must not begin to quote from Hearn!

Destiny had reserved for this Greco-Celt, born into the use of the English speech, an important part as the interpreter for English readers of the soul of Japan, the country of which he finally became a citizen. 'He saw her step from the fourteenth century into the twentieth.' All his previous life seemed a preparation for this task, even his absorption of Herbert Spencer's philosophy, which became the basis of his interpretation of Shinto, so that the reader, in Miss Temple's words, 'can almost visualize poor old Spencer in a priest's yellow robe, reciting a Sutra from the sacred books of the East.' Hearn could still, with the aid of Buddhism, conceive of the universe as 'ghostly.' 'Is not every action indeed the work of the Dead who dwell within us? Have not our impulses and tendencies, our capacities and weaknesses, our heroisms and timidities been created by those vanquished myriads from whom we received the all-mysterious bequest of Life? Do we still think of that infinitely complex something which is each one of us, and which we call Ego, as "I"?'

As to the title of Miss Temple's book, *Blue Ghost*, the phrase is used frequently by Hearn, and signifies for this half-blind little man, who delighted in the 'perfumed peace of enormous azure

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noons,' what he called the 'luminous spectre of the world.' 'Reverentially the mind asks itself if what the eye beholds is not the . . . Infinite Breath, the Divine Ghost, the great Blue Soul of the Unknown.'

MUSTAPHA KEMAL. BETWEEN EUROPE AND ASIA. *By Dagobert von Mikusch. Translated by John Linton. London: William Heinemann. 1931. 12s. 4d.*

(From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

OF THE master builders who have constructed something solid out of the ruins of the pre-war world not the least is Mustapha Kemal. His name is not on everybody's lips like that of Lenin or Mussolini. But his achievement is at least comparable, and only the remoteness of Turkish affairs from the ordinary man's mental picture accounts for the theme's being set in a minor key. We know him as the soldier-statesman who forged an instrument powerful enough to smash the Treaty of Sèvres and who held out against all the resources of European diplomacy until the lever of Constantinople had been wrested from Western hands. What was the secret of his success?

Herr von Mikusch, in his anxiety not to be too free with his praise, suggests that he won as much by luck as by judgment. Certainly the record of interference by the powers was sufficient to keep alive the exotic plant of nationalism. The landing of the Greeks at Smyrna, the 'disciplinary' occupation of Constantinople by the British force under Sir Henry Wilson early in 1920, and then the 'peace terms' solemnly proclaimed by the Supreme Council in Paris, each of these shocks to sensitive nationalism increased Mustapha's prestige. But this man, who knows Europe outside the Balkans only by two chance, hurried visits,—he attended the big French military manœuvres in 1910 and was taken off to German Headquarters during the War to be suitably impressed,—had in him the qualities of shrewdness and vision that marked him out for leadership. Mustapha is shown here as a consummate realist, not indeed above the feints and deceptions of the Oriental, but deliberate and unswayed by passion or petty ambition. Just as he always required that the control of an enterprise must be in the hands of one person, himself, or anyone better his colleagues could find, so he insisted on doing his thinking for himself. When all the leading Turks were under the German spell Mustapha stoutly maintained that the Central Powers were bound to be defeated in the War. He had reached this conclusion from a careful estimate of the world situation, and the visit to the German G. H. Q. only confirmed it.

Herr von Mikusch quotes a diplomat on the Young Turk zealots and politicians who flocked back to their native land in 1908: 'They very often took the second step before they had taken the first.' It is the way of so many reformers. Mustapha, on the contrary, was past master in the art of taking one step at a time. And, unlike most political rebels, he has clung tenaciously to his roots among the common people.

Having been sent by the Government, with the approval of the powers, to inquire into the uncertain situation of the Eastern provinces, he made it his business to spread the idea of a Turkish national state among the Anatolian peasants without giving the slightest hint that his policy included the abolition of the Sultanate and eventually the complete secularization of the state. The process of breaking down traditional loyalties had to be veiled. So, on his first unceremonious visit to Angora in December 1919, 'a Man Beloved by Allah' was the whispered greeting of the hero who had every intention of divesting Allah of his all-embracing mantle of power.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Why Commemorate Goethe?

NEXT YEAR is the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's death and the *Literarische Welt* of Berlin has made the astounding proposal that the German people pass over the occasion in silence. This does not mean that ignoring Goethe is the same thing as dishonoring him—quite the contrary. The *Literarische Welt* points out that no trace of Goethe's teaching can be found in German public life to-day—no 'cosmopolitanism, pantheism, reverence for Greek antiquity, patriarchal quietism.' Of course individuals still follow Goethe's private teachings, but the nation as a whole has turned its back on all that he advocated. Furthermore, Goethe himself would have wanted the anniversary of his death ignored under present circumstances. Whenever he found that the world about him was hostile, he would retire into himself and have no commerce with contemporary affairs, and the Germany of 1932 could pay no more effective homage to his life than to remind itself by a silence more eloquent than words how far it had strayed from his example. Thus speaks the *Literarische Welt*.

But not the rest of Germany. A dozen distinguished writers of the present day were asked their opinion of the plan and most of them felt that it went rather too far. Thomas Mann pointed out that the *Comédie Française* is preparing a special performance of *Faust* and that Columbia University has invited Gerhart Hauptmann to come to New York to deliver an address on Goethe. Under such circumstances, Herr Mann does not see how Germany can ignore the occasion: 'I am against the silence, but you will grant that I have scarcely broken it myself. We shall have to make up our minds to a lot of stupid talk, empty phrases, unjustifiable self-aggrandizement, and rank propaganda. Of course many pretentious people who have none of his substance in them will talk down to us as if they had—but how could it be otherwise? Nevertheless, I should not forbid the Germans from talking about Goethe for a few weeks even if I had the power to do so.'

Emil Ludwig urged taking advantage of the centenary to make Germany more familiar with Goethe's thought: 'I advise an emergency decree ordering the publication of a selection of Goethe's statements about the Germans in all German newspapers, universities, schools, and societies. Even now the Germans could learn more from this than from all the speeches of commemoration which will venture to take him for a model after a century of misunderstanding.'

But Jakob Wassermann, another Jewish writer, sided entirely with the *Literarische Welt*, saying that 'the idea of a Goethe celebration seems to me as absurd as if an animal apostle should suddenly appear in a Chicago slaughterhouse to preach a cattle-gospel with holy zeal.'

Bernhard Diebold, a popular essayist, objected to the idea of silence and quoted with approval, in the columns of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the reply of Professor Karl Vossler: 'The question is not whether we are prepared, able, worthy, and inwardly entitled to observe the centenary of Goethe's death. We are bound in duty to do so. Every group that has anything to do with European education is bound to do so; no group can be so poor that it cannot do honor to an emperor in the realm of the spirit—audible, visible honor. Furthermore, I do not believe that the night we are now living through will be shortened by extinguishing the few lights that we have.'

Left-Hand Music

MAURICE RAVEL, who composes music for moderns, has achieved the reputation of never writing more than one work in any of the less common musical genres. His output to date includes one string quartet, one septet for strings and harp, one violin sonata, one sonata for violin and cello, one piano trio, one comic opera, one fantastic opera, and one ballet. There was considerable excitement, therefore, when it

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was recently announced that he was writing two piano concertos at the same time. Was he changing his tactics? Not at all. It turns out that one of them is being written for both hands, the other for the left hand alone!

The left-hand piece, intended for the left-handed pianist, Paul Wittgenstein, is already completed. When M. Ravel finishes the other, which is due in November, he is setting out for foreign parts—Germany, Belgium, Holland, North and South America, Japan, and possibly Java. Why not Russia? Because, says M. Ravel shortly, 'My agent tells me that artists engaged in that country are compelled by law to spend in it the fees that they receive, and that would mean my having to purchase, say, furs or icons for which I have no use.'

Norwegian Post-War Literature

THE books that have been written in Norway since the War are more remarkable for their sociological than for their literary value. Between 1914 and 1919 the whole nation was so busy making money that the children who have now become articulate were ignored. They heard prophecies of a new heaven and a new earth but all they saw was a weakening of family ties and a growing laxity of morals. An anonymous novel called *The Journal of a Bank Director* describes, for instance, the adventures of a financier who speculated with money from his bank and went from disaster to disaster. Because his wife had married him for his money he could not tell her his secret, nor did he dare to economize. When he made the chambermaid his mistress, his wife dismissed the girl and went away soon afterward herself, but refused to get a divorce. Meanwhile, his daughter, who knew what had been going on, was having a flirtation with the son of the cashier in her father's bank, who made his own father take money from the bank so that he could support the ex-chambermaid in luxury. The young man, an embryonic Communist, wanted to take revenge on society in the person of his father. As for the bank director, he ends up as an opium addict.

Another novel, entitled *Edmund Iahr*, by Sigurd Christiansen, contains many passages that express the point of view of the younger generation. Here is a typical one in which Edmund is talking to his sister, Gerda:—

'Yes, you are right. We are wounded. We are the victims of a war in which we took part only as spectators. While other men were killing, we were selling, and if we had tremors of any kind they were tremors of fear, not of compassion. We were afraid for our money. But we young people, yes, really, we have been wounded. Is it our misfortune? Or is it our glory?'

'Our glory?'

'Yes, who knows? We are the precursors, the heralds of a new world. Are we not leaving our business establishments to become prophets? But hard prophets. We are no longer mere dreamers. We have an end. We have been promised a new heaven and a new earth, but only the earth is new. The heaven is the same old one. It must be changed.'

'Should not the earth be regulated by the heavens?'

'No, it is always the other way around, and that is why religions are always changing.'

'Christianity is n't stable, then?'

'Nothing is stable.'

Edmund Iahr, like the bad boy in the other book, is a Communist, but of an idealistic brand. One of his cynical acquaintances dislikes him for personal reasons and finally succeeds in having him arrested under false pretenses. Edmund then addresses the police as follows:—

'For men to judge this case fairly they must try to understand us young people as we are. We were almost children when the War broke out and it was a world catastrophe which formed us while it tortured us. We have not chosen an ideal, as youth in former ages used to do. Events have created one in our souls and have imposed one upon us by force. We who feel that, who understand the responsibility that has happened to descend upon us because we live at this moment, we have joined together to try to organize a movement. We are not only children who doubt; we are also children who believe.'

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From Norway to Japan, the Communist has become the stock figure of modern youth in revolt.

Doctor Pygmalion

FRANCESCO ROCCHI was the name of an Italian inventor who has just died and who made a reputation but no money for himself by restoring old marbles, bronzes, and other metals. His method, he used to say, was to treat these objects as if they were alive and to 'heal' them by 'injecting' a secret formula that he had discovered. The Italian Ministry of Education, which has charge of the country's art treasures, is naturally eager to find out how this was done, but so far its search has proved unavailing. Signor Rocchi worked alone, and not even his widow, who still lives in his house, knows his method, though she asserts that he wrote it down before he died. The Government has sealed the four rooms in which he worked and has made an inventory of all his possessions, which include an unfinished book devoted to the care and restoration of ancient statues. No sign of the missing formula, however, has yet appeared.

Although Signor Rocchi received wretched pay for his labors he was too patriotic to accept an offer made by the French Government to settle in Paris and look after the national art collections there. A similar offer from the United States was also turned down. Yet not a single Italian government over a period of thirty years would give him civil-service rank, which would have enabled his wife and child to claim a pension, nor was he ever allowed to have a lecture hall and a telephone, which would have enabled him to tell younger men about his methods. The fact that he stayed where he did indicates that the economic motive is not always the predominating one in human affairs.

Love Under Capitalism

SINCE Marx and Freud have probably attracted more attention in Germany than in any other country, it is only natural that attempts should be made there to combine their theories. *Vorwärts*, the official organ of the Social Democratic Party, has printed a short essay by Leo Friedmann entitled 'Eroticism and Capitalism, or Love and Sexuality in the Mechanical Age.' The editor of *Vorwärts* confesses that he does not agree with all of the author's conclusions but they are certainly significant in that they represent what a good many radical-minded Germans are coming to believe. Friedmann begins by tracing the vicissitudes of love during the early days of middle-class supremacy and says that it was gradually transformed from a romantic into a physical passion because romance cannot live in a highly mechanized world. The romantic instinct has been forced to seek release in spiritual activities which, according to Friedmann, are nothing more or less than perversions. Physical passion devoted itself to discovering 'the physical character of the woman.' In both the romantic and physical aspects of love the man played the dominating rôle and set the fashion.

But such a cold-blooded attitude has led to disaster. By commercializing and rationalizing love, man found himself mastered by his own technique instead of controlling it. For 'no traditions and forms are so conservatively made as those of love. In no aspect of our life have mediæval and reactionary elements remained so unchanged.' And our fetish worship of modern technique, our tense way of life put us in constant conflict with our old-fashioned emotions. According to the reckonings of psychiatrists, eighty per cent of the male population of Germany suffers to some extent from sexual impotence. 'This condition,' says Friedmann, 'is a very significant result of social uncertainty, an expression of the volcanic character of our society.' Marriage no longer represents a sharing of interests but is based on man's admiration of a shapely leg or figure.

Capitalism is to blame. Women have been pulled out of their homes and have not been able to adapt themselves to their new position. 'In our society they incorporate masculine unity more than men do. They are trying to orientate themselves backward, on the peaceful life of the past. A great danger resides in this illusion. Woman to-day is more capable of love than

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man, but her social and erotic existence is in much greater danger.' Friedmann rejects the idea of an 'Americanized paradise' of healthy human animals. Not even sun baths and daily dozens can make the course of true love run smooth. The barrier of class distinction remains a great, though not an insuperable barrier to the free choice of a mate, and this barrier can be eliminated only through socialism. For each class creates its own erotic forms and the bourgeois brand of love has proved its futility, whereas the proletarian love forms—whatever they may be—are progressive. By freeing all mankind from exploitation, socialism promises to create the only condition in which love can flourish at its will.

Japan and Jazz

A MEMBER of the staff of the *Japan Advertiser* named Setsuo Uenoda who went to college in the United States has written a book entitled *Japan and Jazz* describing the intimate changes that have come to his country in recent years. Western ways have of course been making steady progress, but the greatest transformation has occurred since the earthquake. 'At no time within the past seventy years,' says Mr. Uenoda, 'has the life of the people been changing as rapidly as it is now.' He does not believe that a superior civilization combining the merits of both East and West will develop but insists that complete Westernization is inevitable. We have referred here in the past to the popularity of Karl Marx in Japan, especially among women, and Mr. Uenoda is much impressed by the new type of flapper that has developed. In the old days, he says, a girl 'ate little, talked blushingly, and rarely laughed in the presence of strangers. A girl with a small mouth and a long face known as "*urizane-gao*," resembling the shape of a melon seed, was considered the finest type of feminine beauty.' The modern girl of to-day, on the contrary, 'talks volubly, eats enormously, and laughs merrily.'

Many antique formalities and superstitions still survive in Japan. Mr. Uenoda devotes a chapter to describing his difficulties in having a house built. The carpenter, for instance, refused to put in any windows facing northeast, since that side of the house faces bad luck. He would not begin work until a distant and auspicious date, and each new step in the construction was fixed far in advance depending on the propitiousness of certain days. The work was further interrupted by feast days, which also involved expensive ceremonials. But Mr. Uenoda did not blame his carpenter, for he recognized that 'a great many Japanese families are living in the sentiments and beliefs of the feudal period.' Furthermore, these particular practices are disappearing because contractors are taking over more and more work from individual carpenters. Such an atmosphere of contradiction goes far to explain some of the surprising developments in Japan's relations with the outer world.

Babel in the 'Times'

UNDER the title, 'A Protest from Babel,' the London *Times* replies to one of its readers who had signed himself 'Criticus' and had objected to the frequent use of foreign words and phrases in its editorial columns. Since our own public is so familiar with the languages of every zone we scorn to provide them with any key to the meaning of the following retort from the *Times* in its own behalf:—

'Der Karnickel hat angefangen. And what made it worse was that he was obviously not a real rabbit, or even a hare. Donde no se pènsa salta la liebre; and it was still more fürchterlich when the animal turned out to be, en effet, felis tigris maximus. Kelam ulmuluk, muluk ul-kelam is true, whichever way you turn it; and when this blowed-in-the-glass wise guy, calling himself "Criticus," coughed up a mouthful about our "unseemly habit of quoting dead languages" in our leading articles, it was no good saying Nichevo or *οὐ φροντὶς Ἱπποκλείδῃ*, especially as others (pigeat nos eos vocare fussy tails) also wrote demanding "Naze sonna koto suru ka?" and hinting that any inkslinger who could put over that sort of parleyvoo was sure a budmásh.

'Our first impulse was to take a high line; to ask whether our critics were not aware that this journal was nulli secundus

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in toto orbi terrarum, and par excellence Aglatsiangovut mikseKârtôvlutiglo; to suggest that no es la miel para la boco del asno; to recall the poet's advice: "Mach'es Wenigen recht; Vielen gefallen ist schlimm"; and to retort, with an Olympian air:—

πολλά μοι ὑπ' ἀγκῶνος ὠκέα
βέλη ἔνδον ἐντὶ φαρέτρας
φωνάεντα συνετοῖσιν.
ἐς δὲ το πὰν ἑρμηνέων
χατίζει.

But that would be unartig; and it would also be pericoloso. Our critics might reply that balik bashdan kokar, and that, if we set a bad example, we shall corrupt the whole of journalism. But ça froisse un peu l'amour propre, when you expect your reader to cry "Quanti est sapere!" and all he says is "O yoshi nasai: Wakarimasen!"

'It looks as if these guys had handed us out a K.O. But yavash! yavash! Noun fau juja tout gèr la mino. We do not suggest (μὴ γένοιτο) that any of these criticisms is an instance where Arab Araba yuzun qara denish; but are all our accusatores so far above the ordinary debolezza dell' intelletto umano that they have nunquam been obliged emprunter a few Wörter from a foreign tongue? Sont-ils toto caelo above the necessity che è la maggiore maestra delle lingue? Mashallah! If they are, it va sans dire that it is "lasciate ogni speranza": they will remain the manxome and frumious foes leporis nostri diserti; and since Lakirdi ila pilaff pishmez, we cannot hope to wheedle them into crying Kuvianak. But we in our turn, after humbly saying Gomen nasai, can ask of those who are safely outside the whole of this bundobust: "Chih danend hal-i-ma sebukbaran-i-sahilha?" They must be patient with us. Faut-il traduire peut-être les morceaux? That is all very well; but (unless we could do it like Criticus) to translate las lengues griega y latina es como quien mira los tapices flamencos por el reves, que aunque se ven las figures, son llenas de hilos que las escurecen. Well, παθήματα μαθήματα. We must reform our ways—mañana, si-chas! There is always room for l'espérance, for ὁ θεὸς δεν εἶναι Ἀρβανίτης, and Morgen ist auch ein Tag. After all, at heart we are simples gens, puisqu'il plaist a Dieu, et appelons les figues, figues, les prunes, prunes, et les poires, poires. And if we offend it is with our good will, because, although we may turn now and then to the decent obscurity, or to the elegant decoration, of a foreign language, we are not altogether like the man they called "Hi!"

I said it in Hebrew—I said it in Dutch—
I said it in German and Greek;
But I wholly forgot (and it vexes me much)
That English is what you speak!

Φιλοκαλοῦμεν μετ' εὐτελείας, that is all—assured that, if we do our best with the English, even those of our readers who do not consider themselves scholars will permit an occasional appeal to those who are. But spitcha mandush! Muito fallar, pouco saber.'

Guedalla and Biography

MR. PHILIP GUEDALLA, who makes an excellent living as a professional biographer, had some hard things to say about competition from amateurs when he recently addressed the Anglo-American Conference of Historians in London.

'Mere bereavement should never be the excuse for biography. Too often in these days the sorrowing widow or mourning son sets out to examine the papers and effects of the illustrious dead before the blinds are drawn up after the funeral. The writer may have written nothing in her life before but dinner lists and week-end invitations, yet with little preparation and less ability she has the audacity to write what is called "A Life."'

A defender of the amateurs suggests that perhaps Mr. Guedalla could be persuaded to a compromise. Let the amateur go ahead and write his biography, but let him keep it in manuscript form and hide it in the garret. Then, fifty years later, the professional can find it and make a name for himself, prefacing his own volume with some such words as: 'Though violently biased, deplorably written, and hopelessly inaccurate, these papers have thrown much light upon the character of the subject.'

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Maurois Interprets America

André Maurois has written in the *Morning Post* of London a brief explanation of the present-day United States for the benefit of visiting Englishmen. Under the heading, 'Don't Be Too Hard on America,' he asserts that the country is about to emerge from the feudal stage:—

It might perhaps be interesting for English readers to learn the things which, during a visit to America, have impressed a Frenchman who knows and loves England, and who, seeing the Americans at home, could not help constantly comparing them with the English.

First impression: You English, like ourselves, are unjust to the Americans. A certain number of commonplaces have firmly established themselves—'America has turned the civilization of quality (ours, that is to say) into a civilization of quantity; America, because of her overproduction, the fatal result of her industrial system, is the cause of all our troubles; America is a menace to European culture.'

These commonplaces have had a favorable and sometimes an enthusiastic reception in England, as in France. That is very natural. Understanding is difficult, criticism is diverting, and to criticize a foreign people is the easiest and surest form of humor.

The facts are not so simple. America has created a civilization of quantity? True. But who invented that industrial civilization if not England and France at the end of the nineteenth century? America threatens our culture? After spending four months in an American university I can allow myself to disagree. It is true that in certain of her colleges America caricatures true culture. Witness Professor Flexner's book or Mr. Eric Linklater's amusing and truthful novel.

But, in spite of this false culture, the Americans are much given to serious study. The younger generation is quite remarkable in that respect. I should like to meet in every European country women as truly cultivated as those whom I have seen in the great colleges of the eastern states—at Bryn Mawr, at Vassar, and at Smith.

My students at Princeton were capable of following intelligently a lecture in French and their reading was wide. To read the output of the younger American authors is to be convinced that it could not be the expression of an uncultured people. A novelist such as Hemingway, by his taste and his restraint, heralds a great epoch. A critic like Edmund Wilson would do honor to any French or English review. The tone of the best magazines indicates a true taste for ideas. It might be answered that these magazines address themselves only to a small minority of highbrows, and that the rest are vulgar. But is not that true of all countries?

For my part I think, like my fellow countryman, Paul Morand, that we shall have difficulty in saving our Western civilization during the next few decades, but that one of its sanctuaries, along with Paris, London, and some of the great European universities, will be the rocky islet of Manhattan.

My second point is that if the American civilization is not an inferior one, it is, nevertheless, a primitive civilization. It is not a phenomenon of senility, it is a phenomenon of adolescence. The period in European history that comes irresistibly to my mind when I think of America is the Renaissance, the end of the feudal era, the last years in the prosperity of the great individual figures, before they were tamed by states stronger than themselves.

The Chicago racketeer and the powerful New York banker are feudal lords who do not wish to obey any other law than their own wills. Soon, inevitably, the American state will impose its strength upon the banker and the racketeer, but at the present time it is in the United States the period of Cesare Borgia, of Henry VIII, and of Machiavelli over again.

Another primitive trait is the power of convention and formalism. It is said that life in America is free and easy. Nothing

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could be more untrue. No other country is more bound by convention than America. The code of manners there is a hundred times more exacting than in England. From his university days the American is a member of clubs, secret societies, and fraternities that impose upon him oaths and customs. Social life is of a strictness difficult to conceive. Snobbery is on the grand scale and expresses itself in strange ways. To have a small telephone or car number is a sign of aristocracy. A box at the Metropolitan Opera House is like a coat of arms.

The older an aristocracy is the more easy-going it is. The American aristocracy, which is of recent origin, is much more exclusive than the English. I have been told that at Hollywood the old families are those of the Douglas Fairbanks period; they have English butlers, quietly furnished houses, and they speak with regret of the good old days of the silent film. In addition there are the parvenus, the families of the talking film, who form a scintillating, cosmopolitan set, but whom the 'old families' do not receive.

And now for my third impression. It is often said that America and England until the middle of the last century shared between them a unique Anglo-Saxon civilization, but that they are now separating farther and farther from each other. I do not altogether agree. It is true that, if one takes language alone into consideration, America tends more and more to become a separate tongue; it invents its own words and images, and that is all to the good. But if one studies customs it seems to me, on the contrary, that I perceive among the younger generation of Americans an astonishing attraction toward an English habit of mind. In American universities the student magazines extol the football and tennis manners of the English.

Mr. Douglas Woodruff, in his charming little book, *Plato's American Republic*, does not concede to the Americans the taste for leisure which, he says, is the ornament of the English. He is right, but this taste has developed rapidly since the end of America's heroic pioneer period. As some children, in growing, increase their resemblance to their fathers, so America moves toward an English type of civilization.

The American, of course, is not an Englishman, and England is not America, but in the eyes of a Frenchman the two peoples resemble each other much more closely than they resemble any other nation.

America's Comic Draughtsmen

PAUL NASH, a British contributor to the *Week-end Review* of London, has high praise for the cartoonists of America, whom he divides into three groups and whose work he describes as follows:—

The three principal channels of expression are the film, the newspaper comic strip, and illustrated books and periodicals. Through these mediums a constant stream of inspired nonsense gushes out. I say 'inspired' because American humor so often has that element of brilliant, spontaneous invention that is the essence of wit—something unlikely but instantly convincing; a percussion of ideas that fires laughter like a gun. Take, for instance, the daring absurdities created by Walt Disney in his Mickey Mouse cartoons. Disney's genius lies in his extravagant impossibilities; he has done more to release our inhibited consciousness than the solemn assurance of many psychoanalysts. It used to be thought unreasonable to want the moon; now, Mickey Mouse can just make an incredibly long arm and reach it down. The rather frightening importance of inanimate things dissolves when all, at any moment, may be ridiculously humanized. There is so much of cinema technique beyond my knowledge that it is impossible for me to estimate the full achievement of Disney's art, but it is obvious that he is one of the few people who make proper use of the medium of cinema expression. Only the film could have given Disney his opportunities, but only a very gifted artist could have exploited them as he has done.

To turn from the moving picture to the static we can conveniently break our fall by considering that intermediate phenomenon, the comic strip. God knows who first made a comic strip, but it is such a natural form of telling a funny story that it might well have been scratched on the caves.

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To-day it runs through most newspapers and bores or amuses millions of people daily. It is again the American artist of all others who seems to grasp the most opportunities in this mode of expression. No one has quite the pace or the sense of climax displayed by the best American comic draughtsmen.

On the other hand, no country has produced, in the narrow limits of this medium, a fantastic philosopher such as George Herriman. Herriman's work is curiously distinguished; I can find no precedent either for its kind of invention or its graphical style. To an extreme sensibility of touch, a wistful, ironic humor, he adds something more—some subtle understanding of human susceptibility of which he alone, besides Chaplin, is possessed. The famous adventures of Krazy Kat and Ignatz Mouse are the very antithesis of our Pip, Squeak, and Wilfred, that ever-so-hearty, wholesome trio that does such stout anti-Bolshevist propaganda for Lord Rothermere. Herriman's invention is pure fantasy untainted either by morals or politics; only in the creation of Squeak's Auntie, a divine monster, does the *Daily Mirror* cartoonist approach Herriman's standard of drawing or of fancy. There are too many brilliant artists of the comic strip to receive justice in a short article, but, to my thinking, one stands out from the rest by reason of his outrageous absurdities. I cannot say Milt Gross has made me laugh more painfully than the authors of the Katzenjammer Kids, only more often, because his prolific silliness seems inexhaustible, flowing over into whole books of sheer nonsense, each one funnier than the last. But there is another, better reason. Gross's actual drawing is, perhaps, the best possible example of a comic line. Its effect is instantaneous, like a brilliant antic of Charlie's; one is helplessly involved at once, a demented hilarity pervades the whole composition, overwhelming and irresistible. This kind of drawing has a lasting potency, a permanent contagion, so that one is reinfected with laughter at each sight of it.

Of the remaining humorous artists to be considered nearly all are to be found in the pages of that delightful magazine, *The New Yorker*. *The New Yorker* is everything that *Punch* is not; it is unnecessary to say more than that, or, indeed, even as much to anyone who has the opportunity of reading both. One of its chief contributors is a witty draughtsman called Peter Arno. His drawings appear to be executed in chalk and wash, but if he were limited to a poker I feel sure he would still be amusing. His happiest creations are jokes at the expense of smart people, whom he caricatures with merciless simplicity. Most distinguished among his fellow contributors are John Held, Jr.—who engraves unique nonsense with great individuality—Soglow, and James Thurber. The last two are both draughtsmen of the single line, using it as a child might, carefully, with protruding tongue—which is Soglow's method, except, I suppose, for the tongue; or (apparently) vaguely scribbling, which Thurber affects, and Matisse. Both methods are beautifully successful. Soglow's sequence about the little fat king is a miracle of detached humor. Thurber, who writes as amusingly as he draws, and whose book, *The Owl in the Attic*, should be in every country-house bedroom if it is not in the library, is a strange original, appearing to stand perplexedly on the edge of life, noting, as a friend says of him, 'not only the simple themes of love and misunderstanding, but also the rarer and tenderer unsupportabilities.'

American Capitalism Doomed

A NEW YORK correspondent of *Vorwärts*, official organ of the German Social Democratic Party, analyzes the financial position of the United States and prophesies that American capitalism will be defeated by European socialism. His argument runs as follows:—

In the middle of last year the great wise men of the American Treasury announced that the deficit for 1930–31 would amount to about $180,000,000. A few weeks later this figure increased to three hundred million, then to five hundred, then to seven hundred million, and by the end of the fiscal year it had attained the unprecedented sum

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of nearly a billion dollars. All this occurred without any unforeseen changes in the Federal budget. Expenses had been kept within the estimates and no indebtedness for unforeseen items such as social assistance, unemployment benefit, or other aids in time of crisis had been incurred. The Federal Government has not yet spent a cent on social expenditures and refuses to sink any money in such 'unproductive' measures in the future.

For years the American press has advised Europeans to attack their problems economically and not politically. It is grotesque to hear such preaching from the mouths of people who have made an art of mixing political and economic questions. By way of reply we are quite justified in asking why America, with her immense natural wealth and her model economic system, is herself pursuing a catastrophic financial policy. America has constantly reminded foreign nations of the fundamental fact that one cannot keep on borrowing eternally, but she does not recognize the same fact in her own house. Borrowed money can cover certain deficits, including the incredibly wasteful public expenditures so common in America, but in the long run orderly methods cannot be completely ignored.

America is the country in which 1 per cent of the possessing class controls 33 per cent of the national wealth and another 10 per cent of the possessing class controls 64 per cent of the national wealth, so that there is only 3 per cent left in the control of the overwhelming majority of a hundred and twenty million people. In spite of all democratic appearances modern America is the perfect picture of a financial oligarchy that is expanding far beyond its own national boundaries and determining the political, economic, and social destiny of hundreds of millions of people. This steadily shrinking oligarchy has so much power that it has lost all touch with its own popular masses, nearly all of whom are unable to buy the goods produced by their own labor.

Since this handful of American financial masters finds itself constantly more isolated and more threatened from every side, it sees in the destruction of the social order in Europe the only possibility of permanently cementing its own control. America knows that in the long run Europe and America cannot serve different gods in so far as social problems are concerned. This question is therefore pressing for a decision. Shall European recognition of social and community responsibility dominate, or shall American feudal capitalism in its patriarchal form triumph? In the twentieth century the answer can hardly be in doubt.

The Outrageous American Film

THE FILM critic of the London *Daily Telegraph*, in common with a respectable portion of the respectable British public, has given way to great excitement over the 'sex-and-crime obsession' of American film producers, and the effect of the resultant thrillers upon the British young.

Will it be believed, he asks, that in spite of the fact that the whole world is seething with complaint, the gentlemen of Hollywood now have in preparation 'a great flood of sex-and-crime films which, judging from advance information, are likely to be of the most outrageous type?' To prove his point, he quotes from a list of forthcoming titles accompanied by the producers' blurbs, as supplied to British theatre owners:—

Bad Girl. The romance of a red-lipped shopgirl in a sleazy dress, aching with suppressed emotions.

The Yellow Ticket. Story of a modest girl caught in the avid clutches of ignoble nobles.

In Her Arms. Oriental pride yields to Parisian kisses.

The Midnight Cruise. Moonlight madness and kisses in the dark.

Cheating. Marriage used to be the end. Now it's only the beginning.

Lipstick. Mirror of a modern maid. A burst of flame, then crushing shame.

'The effrontery of offering these sinister programmes to British cinema owners at a time when public opinion in this country is so much alarmed by

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the nature of the films shown to young people,' concludes the indignant commentator, 'is beyond comment.'

A Frenchman on Broadway

FORTUNAT STROWSKI, a member of the Institut of France who spent last winter lecturing in and about New York, attended thirty different plays. Here are his opinions on the present state of the American drama:—

At the end of a tiring day the business man, the society woman, the professor want a play that will amuse and relax them without taking them too far away from life. And the comedy of manners, so out of fashion among us, will do just this, especially if it is gay and has a happy ending and makes no attempt to be profound.

The comedy of manners is therefore the most popular kind of play on the other side of the Atlantic. Big American universities give correspondence courses on how to write comedies of manners. The agencies which handle the work of beginners can invariably place such pieces. They are first tried out in small towns or suburbs. Then they go to New York, and from there they tour the large cities, and are finally turned into films at Hollywood. The royalties of the author or authoress (for they are often written by women) are amazing, and one of the most recent miracles of the New World is that a successful play makes millionaires, millionaires in good American dollars.

In France immorality and loose women are often the subject of comedies. In the United States moral corruption and professional wantonness in women are forbidden by law. Nevertheless, moral strength, religious faith, and all the discipline of life are not able to impose such high standards of virtue: prostitution or its equivalent is hidden but not suppressed. This situation gives rise to a world of pleasure that has an honorable appearance but not too rigid morals. It is hard to tell whether young women are good women or wanton women, and whether their men friends are lovers, fiancés, or merely companions. A gift of money may be a payment or it may be generosity.

This is well illustrated by a play which I at first thought artificial, but which my American friends did not consider so. Its somewhat long title is enigmatic: *The Greeks Had a Word for It.* One is shown three young girls who wish to change their position in life from an aleatory to a solid basis. One of them, who is malicious and jealous, amuses herself by destroying the hopes of her companions. She ends up by planning to marry a rich old gentleman, while her friends inherit some money which enables them to go to Paris to live.

On hearing this, the jealous girl decides to give up her jewels, her wedding presents, and her wealthy husband and follow them. She will continue to live as they do and to be what was known in Plato's language as a Laïs, an Aspasia, though one of lesser brilliance. Our frank and brutal comedies of the *demi-monde* and the *quart de monde* do not stand a chance of being understood in America, for they do not correspond to any reality.

The American theatre no longer knows the famous trio of husband, wife, and lover. All our comedies and dramas founded upon adultery and its complications become stripped of significance on the other side of the Atlantic. Over there a woman never deceives her husband except by accident, and then it is a matter of no importance. Why complicate life with a secret liaison when the easy and natural thing to do is to change one's husband? At Reno in Nevada one gets for $800 down a three months' sojourn in a palatial hotel, excursions, one's railway fare paid if one comes from New York, and a divorce on the good old grounds of mental cruelty. In other states all one needs to do to get one's marriage consecrated is to go and wake up a clergyman. Immediately, without papers or formalities, one is married.

The American comedies in which a man loves a married woman or a married woman loves some man other than her husband deal not with the pathetic or ridiculous complications of adultery but with divorce and remarriage.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

blatt for which he writes is controlled by Jewish capital and can therefore think only in terms of international banking we are inclined to be more impressed by 'Francs Are in the Saddle' by Valeriu Marcu from the reactionary *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*. It is not so impressive as a piece of reasoning but it represents a much wider body of German opinion. Finally, a little editorial from *Le Temps*, semiofficial organ of the French Foreign Office, gives a characteristically lucid explanation of the world crisis in terms of misapplied credit. Let us hope that the American Government does not take too seriously similar brilliant essays in oversimplification which are devoted more to furthering the interests of their author than to expounding all his convictions.

HENRY DE KORAB travels all over the world for *Le Matin*, reporting what is happening in every country. With Germany facing the likelihood of revolution this winter, he was sent to Berlin to see what he could see. His report is not wholly discouraging and not in the least colored by prejudice. But revival of confidence on an international scale cannot occur until Germany is put to work on full time, and for that reason it is the most important country in Europe to watch right now.

CLOSELY allied to the German problem is that of Austria. Prince Rohan, editor of the *Europäische Revue*, gives an admirable analysis of Austria's position since the War and shows how all Europe can be put on its feet as soon as the Austrian problem is solved. His exposition is so clear that it would be a waste of time to summarize it.

THE name of Colin Ross is already familiar to our readers, many of whom probably read in our September issue the review of his new book, *The World in the Balance*, which has just been translated into English. This time he describes a visit to India, dwelling chiefly on its weird religious festivals, which show to how great an extent the land is still governed by superstition.

THOMAS MANN needs no elaborate introduction. As the first German since the War to win the Nobel Prize for Literature he represents to the outer world a fusion of the old Germany and the new. His address before the school that he used to attend in Lübeck articulates this fusion. He urges the youth of Germany to achieve a synthesis of 'culture and primitiveness' and spends a good deal of time making a left-handed attack on Oswald Spengler. He says that the 'West' whose 'decline' Spengler describes is really the late-nineteenth century and he sees in Spengler the culmination of pre-war cynicism and pessimism. He pays tribute to the Social Democrats for having helped to preserve culture and he warns his hearers vaguely against Communism. If the speech is a little obscure that is due partly to Herr Mann's own confusion and partly to the German genius for that kind of thing.

WE MADE up our own title—as we do with most our articles—for Frédéric Paulhan's 'Prudence in Pessimism,' but we mention the fact because his son, Jean Paulhan, in presenting these posthumous notes of his father's carefully explained that they had been left without a title. Frédéric Paulhan was a prolific writer on psychology and æsthetics who reveals himself here as a man of great subtlety and perception. He has that authentic French clarity of mind, but he can hardly be called profound.

THEODOR LESSING is a professor at Hanover who wrote a book called *History as a Giver of Meaning to the Meaningless* which Egon Friedell has described as 'a work worthy of Lucifer . . . perhaps the best attempt to think through to the end what history really is.' In his own article, 'Four Powers in Palestine,' that appeared in our September issue, Professor Lessing refers to a more recent work of his, *Europe and Asia*. But on this occasion he appears in lighter vein and writes an amusing essay on the ass, which he describes as the epitome of the common man.

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WAR AND PEACE

CONSCIOUSLY or unconsciously, we are acting nonviolently toward one another in everyday life. All well-constructed societies are based upon the law of nonviolence.

I have found that life persists in the midst of destruction. Therefore there must be a higher law than that of destruction. Only under that law would well-ordered society be intelligible and life worth living.

If that is the law of life, we must work it out in daily existence. Wherever there are jars, wherever you are confronted with an opponent, conquer him with love. I have found that the law of love has answered in my own life, as the law of destruction has never done.—*M. K. Gandhi.*

Even though Japan's reasons were ten times as truthful as it can be assumed they are, there is no justification for force in Manchuria. If the four or five leading nations were as much concerned about abiding by international law and treaties as they are in forcing smaller nations and subjugated nations to abide by them we should be a fairly peaceful world.—*Senator William E. Borah.*

Would I abolish war? Yes. Many think war cannot be abolished, but I am not of that opinion. Fierce, strenuous souls would not abolish it if they could. But simply to abolish war is nothing very much. Mr. Kellogg abolished war a year ago—without any marked results.

War still hangs over us, threatening everyone. Mukden in South Manchuria, the other day, seemed quite like pre-Kellogg times. To my mind war will be effectively abolished only when the sovereign states of the world relinquish so much of their national sovereignty as to place control of their relations one to another in the hands of a federal world authority and peace council.—*H. G. Wells.*

The big mistake Britain made was in believing she was strong enough to pay for the war.—*Lord Rothermere, British newspaper publisher.*

When, on the second of February, there meet solemnly all the nations that count in the world and represent its highest ideals, greatest authority, and most irresistible force—when they meet around the same table, when they consider the double problem of the reduction of armaments combined with recourse to juridical guarantees and the security of sanctions, what will they do?

That will be a solemn hour, and I want to say here that never will such a responsibility have rested on nations. That will be a decisive hour. They who can do all, will they, faced with this terrible interrogation point, give no answer? That is the question.

It will be enough if at that moment they pronounce the indispensable words that will complete what has already been done for security and mutual assistance. It will be enough if they say solemnly, with all the weight these words carry: 'No more war—we will not in any case, for any cause, or in any circumstance allow war, which we have nailed to the pillory as a crime, to break loose with impunity.'

They will have the power so to act that war cannot break loose again. They can, if they wish, establish contacts and create among themselves reciprocal conditions of security that will make war impossible.—*Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister.*

We are as devoted to the cause of peace as any pacifist, for the simple reason that, after such a catastrophe as the Great War, peace is one of the greatest British interests. We stand to lose far more than we could reasonably hope to gain by war. Where we differ from pacifists is as to the means of preserving peace. They believe in all-round, indiscriminate disarmament. In our opinion that way danger lies, as it would put a premium on trickery, fraud, and secret preparation for war by potential aggressors while the peaceful and peace-loving nations slumbered and prepared themselves for slaughter. What would be the paper value of disarmament agreements with the Soviet Government, which regards all lying as lawful at the expense of 'capitalist' communities, or with the Germans, who regard inconvenient treaties as 'scraps of paper'? We are convinced that the only reliable means of keeping the peace is for the pacific powers to be stronger than those who seek to disturb it.—*L. J. Maxse, editor of the 'National Review,' London Tory Monthly.*

Opinion is changing rapidly in the United States, as elsewhere in the world. Some shrewd observers believe that her troubles may be so acute this winter that she may be forced into a far more active coöperation with Europe than at any time past. If that should prove to be so, the turn of the year may see the prospects of disarmament and international action in other fields a good deal brighter than they are now.—*'Week-end Review,' London Conservative Weekly.*

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